

# Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 17, 1964 30 CENTS

HOUSTON ROOKIE DON TRULL





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WESTERN ELECTRIC



# Contents

AUGUST 17, 1964 Volume 21, No. 7

Cover photograph by Shel Bernstein

## 12 Three Arms Reach for Fame

*This year's rookie quarterbacks bring high hopes and the fastest contracts ever to pro football*

## 20 Stars Shine with Tokyo Gold

*Chicago's trials prove there are enough good Star sailors to overflow into all the Olympic classes*

## 22 "I Managed Good"

*One of baseball's funniest men, Rocky Bridges, is now managing in the minors and still enjoying the game*

## 31 Moments to Remember: 1954-1964

*This is SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's 10th anniversary, and here is a pictorial sampler of a memorable decade*

## 64 The Best Salmon Pool Anywhere

*The Mahingfoss Pool on Norway's famous Møstø River, long under lease, is now open to the public—at a price*

## 68 At Last the Girls are Ours

*U.S. track women, once ignored, are being hailed now as the country's very own. They have earned their praise*

## 74 The Hudson River

*From its origins in the mountains to its huge canyon in the ocean floor, the Hudson is an extraordinary stream*

## The departments

- |                  |                    |
|------------------|--------------------|
| 7 Scorecard      | 72 Bridge          |
| 63 People        | 85 Baseball's Week |
| 64 Fishing       | 86 For the Record  |
| 68 Track & Field | 87 19th Hole       |
| 70 Motor Sports  |                    |



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Acknowledgments on page 85

## Next week

THE WILD SCRAMBLE for the American League pennant—the most exciting race in years—is shown in action photographs of the contending Orioles, White Sox and Yankees.

AMERICA'S CUP TRIALS are entering their last phase. Richard Meek's color camera focuses on the top boats of two nations, while Brian's Peter Scott discusses the challenge.

AS PRETTY AS SINN is one way to describe Matty Sinn, the best long-distance swimmer of her sex. Gilbert Rogin writes of her casual successes in an arduous and exhausting sport.

# LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER

Dear Sir:

On behalf of the Board of Directors of Time Inc. and on behalf of all Time Incers and especially on my own behalf, I send you and your colleagues heartiest congratulations on the 10th birthday of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**.

You have achieved something so extraordinary that even among publishers its uniqueness is not fully appreciated. You have established a successful national weekly. This is a very rare occurrence. Altogether, there exist only seven general weeklies in the U.S., and of these **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** is the only one founded since World War II.

The years since that war have seen scores of business successes. We all know about such glamour stocks as IBM and Xerox and Litton, whose achievements require brilliant inventiveness and dedicated management. But—and I may be excused for being an extremist (hyperbolist) on this

matter of split seconds. You don't take five strokes off your golf score without intense concentration. But you enter into these excruciating disciplines by your own free will.

And so it was that 10 years ago we entered into the keenest form of competition when we launched **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. We set out to compete for the attention of people with many interests, and our only hope of attracting that attention was by an outstanding editorial performance.

As the first Managing Editor you gave the magazine its basic format and its initial momentum. You put **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** well on the way to attracting 1 million regular paying customers. When you became Publisher in 1960, we were fortunate to have Andre Laguerre to take over as Managing Editor. He has stepped up the pace, he has set even higher standards so that **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** can celebrate its 10th anniversary as a real winner on all counts.

On this occasion I should like to congratulate you especially on two achievements.

First to be noted is the very high quality of the writing that pervades the magazine. To see the by-lines of such gifted writers as Jack Olsen or Gerald Holland or Robert Boyle or Al Wright is to know that the story that follows will be a pleasure not only for what it tells, but for the style in which it is told. And a cheer, too, for your nonstuffers—for John Dos Passos and Catherine Drinker Bowen and Clare Boothe Luce and Alec Waugh.

Then I congratulate you on the art in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. In Richard Gangel you have, in my view, one of the greats among art directors in America. His talents show in his use of fine photography, in his attention to detail on every page and, most impressively, in the brilliant modern painters whom he has brought to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**—modern painters who can communicate to a wide audience. What a pleasure it was to watch the strong, delicate horses of Saul Steinberg or to stare at the bulbous hockey players of André Françoise! Who can ever forget being in the mountains of Persia with the Shah's gun and Bob Peak's brush? To Peak we are also indebted for the best paintings ever done of pro football.

I must bring this letter to a close with so much still to be said. **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** is a magazine of which its staff—and its proprietors—are intensely proud. It is a magazine that, by all the evidence, its readers are happy to enjoy. That was the big idea in the first place.

I don't know how you can do better—but I expect you will.

Oh, Bravo. Good luck.



HENRY R. LUCE



SIGMET L. JAMES



ANDRE LAGUERRE

occasion—none of these industrial and commercial miracles involves such risks and difficulties as establishing a national weekly.

To be sure, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** is a small business as business goes these days: its gross is only a little over \$25 million and, while the net profit isn't hay, we are not yet earning the 10% after taxes that is a businessman's par for the course. That is for tomorrow. Still, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** could not be rated as an established institution unless it had met the test of the market. Nobody is going to subsidize a sports weekly. **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** makes its way in a free society solely by its appeal to free men and women.

That spirit of freedom was proclaimed, 10 years ago, in the very first announcement of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. We said: nobody has to read this magazine. We said: you don't have to read **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** as part of your civic duty or even for your own good or as a status symbol. Men and women are invited to read **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** only by their own choice and for their own enjoyment.

And that surely is the spirit of sport itself. Sport, in every form, imposes the strictest of disciplines. The man who runs a less-than-four-minute mile must arrive at the tape as nearly as possible in a state of exhaustion. A double play is a



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# SCORECARD

## NEW BREED

Before the Chicago Bears disposed of the College All-Stars 28 to 17 last week, some definite opinions had been formed about the 1964 professional rookies by the men who know them best: the scouts. This crop would not, it was confidently predicted, be remembered with as much relish as the Jim Taylor-John Crow-Dan Currie-Bobby Mitchell-Alex Karras-Lou Michaels group of 1957, or that banner corps from 1951, the year that provided Frank Gifford, Hugh McElheny, Les Richter, Gino Marchetti, Ollie Matson, Bill George and Bill Howton, among others. What the All-Stars would be remembered for was the distinction of being the most comfort-driven group of recent years.

Several of the All-Stars were whipping around the campsite in cars either purchased with staggering bonus money or provided by coddling pro management. Players giggled at passes they dropped in workouts, made plans for that evening's assault on entertainment areas, then yawned at their busted signals. Said one high-priced pass receiver to an inquisitive spectator: "I got in pretty early—early this morning." For one of Otto Graham's last important workouts before the game, some key players were absent. Some were doctoring injuries, but some, frankly, had overslept.

## FAITH OR WORKS

It is quite possible that Alvin Dark, the intense, religious manager of the San Francisco Giants, truly believes that Negro and Latin American baseball players lack the "mental alertness" of their white peers. Dark is a Southerner, and it would not be surprising if some doubts about racial equality linger in his psyche. Most of us carry a few bits of undisposable illogic from childhood into adult life.

This, of course, does not excuse a generalization of the sort Dark made—if, indeed, he made it. He was quoted by Stan Isaacs, sports columnist for Long Island's *Newsday*, as saying of Negro and Latin ballplayers: "They are just not able to perform up to the white ball-

players when it comes to mental alertness." Dark has since said he was misquoted, and in a dramatic team meeting last week denied that he holds such sentiments. (Willie Mays' reaction to Dark's short speech was to go out and hit two home runs.)

Whether or not Dark said what he is said to have said, the incident must be considered in the context of his baseball life. If he is short on faith, he is long on works. Both as a player and a manager, Dark has always been scrupulously fair to Negroes and Latin Americans. He has treated them as individuals, not stereotypes. He has knotted together a club that was chaotically divided, partly by racial and nationalist hostility, at the time he took control.

With Dark's job in jeopardy as a result of the furor over the debated remark, it is significant that Jackie Robinson, his bitter rival on the ball field years ago and always uncompromising in questions involving prejudice against the Negro, quickly came to Dark's defense. Robinson knows the score in this area as few do and, under Branch Rickey, learned the hard way that works are what count.

## BRIEF ENCOUNTER

Classified ad in a recent issue of the *Grand Ledge (Mich.) Independent*: PAIR FOOTBALL—shoes, size 8, worn only 1 hour. Call 627-6503.

## NOW THE ONE-ARMED BANDIT

As labor-saving devices go, this one will add a mere footnote to the history of the age of automation, which has semi-sentimental interest in the fact that the days of the one-armed bandit are numbered. Since early June the bandit's successor—a no-armed slot machine which requires only that the addict insert a coin to set the cherries and bells a-spinning—has been undergoing a successful trial run in Las Vegas' Thunderbird Hotel. Its inventor, Jack La Vigna, took it out the other day for a final check before tooling up for mass production. Before too long, he believes, Nevada's 18,000

continued



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**B.F. Goodrich**

### SCORECARD *continued*

traditional machines will be supplanted by his own, which already has won the approval of the Nevada Gaming Commission.

It has won the approval of casino operators for a number of reasons. For one thing, its smaller depth and width permits the installation of twice as many machines in the same precious casino space. Jackpot payoffs are automatic, making it unnecessary for an attendant to check the symbols and make a manual payment. It has only some 50 working parts to get out of order, as against 2,000 in conventional machines, which is what motivated La Vigna in the first place. He used to repair the one-armed bandits and "got fed up getting out of bed at 4 in the morning to make repairs."

He may, in fact, get little more than extra sleep out of the invention. In the U.S., at least, gambling devices cannot be patented because, to the legal mind, they are not "useful."

### RECORD TANTRUM

Disagreeing with an umpire's decision, Norm Larker, who plays first base for the Tacoma (Wash.) Giants, huffed back to the dugout and established some sort of record there. He hurled 12 bats, uncounted baseballs and eight batting helmets onto the field. Then the umpire threw something. He threw Norm Larker out of the park.

### PICKY ICHTHYS

The Saratoga National Fish Hatchery in Wyoming has 12,000 unusually difficult little mouths to feed, every one a choosy eater. The mouths belong to a precious batch of pure golden trout, and genetically pure goldens are rare because they crossbreed readily with rainbows and cutthroats, whose genes increasingly dominate succeeding generations. Thus it was a happy day when a survey party found pure goldens in Bull Lake Creek in a primitive area of remote Wind River Reservation. After persuading the resident Shoshones to lend a few brood fish on condition that offspring be returned, the Wildlife Service caught 50 trout, which they packed in ice, laboriously backpacked to a clearing and ferried out by helicopter.

When the tiny fry finally did hatch out, they were so wild they were spooked by the slightest shadow of a human, and they gave standard U.S. Government Issue fry food the old fishyeye. To give the

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little trout privacy. Saratoga men rigged water sprays to interfere with the trout's vision of passing humans. But the goldens simply did not know what to do with the dry prepared food that less wild trout eat with relish. Fortunately, the hatchery men found another solution: they added a few greedy little brook trout to the troughs to set an example. Quite unlike goldens, brookies are omnivorouschowhounds and discriminating breeders. It worked.

"You know how kids are," says Hatcher's Director Robert Stephens. "When one kid eats something, they all want it."

#### HERE'S ANOTHER WAY

A 17-year-old golfer from Virginia has come up with what may be an absolutely new way to miss a putt. Competing in the U.S. Golf Association's Junior Amateur Championship at the Eugene, Ore. Country Club, Louis Anderson sent a putt curling toward the hole on the 7th green. Then disaster! His caddy was unable to get the pin out of the hole. Heaving mightily, the caddy managed to lift it about six inches. Trouble was, he lifted the cup with it.

The perfectly stroked putt reached the point where it was supposed to drop from sight. Instead, it hit the side of the cup with a clank and bounced off.

"I don't know if it upset me," Anderson said, "but I bogeyed 8, 9, 11 and 12."

#### THE WILD BLUE WATER

The U.S. carrier *Lexington* still bears some of the scars of its World War II battles, but last week it became vulnerable to another sort of attack—to the irresistible onslaught of 19 junior winners of the National Model Airplane Championships, which had been held at the Dallas Naval Air Station. For the past 17 years the Navy's air arm has thrown itself wholeheartedly into support of this annual "world series of model flying."

This year the Navy instituted a fascinating reward. The day after the finals, the winners—aged 8 to 16—were flown from Dallas to the Naval Air Basic Training Command Headquarters in Pensacola, Fla.

In Pensacola two admirals greeted the kids, and a Navy band saluted them. Then, over the next several days they were introduced to the innards of Navy training, experienced the thrill of taking off and landing their model planes right on the *Lexington's* storied old landing

*continued*

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deck and captured the hearts of the Lexington's officers and crew.

At the end of it all, one boy was asked what he thought of the tour. His answer was like something out of an old brown page of history. He expressed the outstanding impression of military life of everyone who has ever worn a military uniform.

"I didn't think the dairy products were too fresh," he said.

### SWIMMING BUG

It may be too late for the device to do wonders this year in Tokyo, but in the future Russia plans to be plugged in and ready. They have been at work in the Moscow Physical Culture Institute and, in the years to come, Soviet swimmers will be wired for sound.

The thing that bothered Institute Teacher Vyacheslav Belokovsky is that performance in "dry" sports is measured largely by watching the athlete run, throw or jump. In "wet" sports the coach has been able to watch the swimmer only dimly underwater and, because of light refraction, has had to take the swimmer's unscentific word for what actually happened. So Belokovsky and Victor Bykov, an engineer, invented an electronic fault-finder for swimming coaches.

The machine, reports Novosti Press Agency, is better than underwater filming because it spots swimming form instantly. Sealed "pickup" elements are attached to the swimmer's arms and legs. Hydrodynamic pressures on the pickups are converted to electric signals; the signals run along flexible wires attached to a sliding overhead cable—and it comes out here, in a poolside box with amplifier and recorder. Peaks and valleys are then graphed on the tape and tell all, says the institute.

So far there is only one of the new stroke-detectors. But Belokovsky says Australia is interested in it and there will be more. The U.S. vote on the underwater bug is not in yet.

### THEY SAID IT

- Earlene Brown, beautician and short-put winner at the Olympic trials: "My best weight is 196 pounds. But I've never made that."
- Governor John Connally, addressing Texas high school coaches: "You're the only group of people who get more advice on how to run your business than we elected public officials do." **END**



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# THREE ARMS REACH FOR FAME

*If the quarterback is first-rate, a professional football team can move through a season as easily as a river moves through a meadow. With no more than adequate aid from the rest of the team, the season will be a winning one. The three intent young, strong, arms shown here as they warmed up for last week's College All-Star Game in Chicago are pro rookies who may one day be just that good. Indeed, the San Francisco 49ers' George Mira, the Kansas City Chiefs' Pete Beathard and the Philadelphia Eagles' Jack Concannon were fiercely prominent among a bonus array of collegiate quarterbacks last year—a year, some scouts believe, that produced more can't-miss passers than ever before. For three years Miami's Mira, 5 feet 11, 190, kept his fans standing as he desperately ran left and threw right, ran right and threw left, and sometimes just ran until everyone gasped for relief. More calmly and with more help, Southern California's Beathard, 6 feet 1, 200, led the Trojans to the 1962 national championship and hit four touchdowns in one Rose Bowl game. Bigger still at 6 feet 3, 200, Concannon was a deadly sprint-out thrower who, almost single-handedly, brought Boston College back to major status.*

CONTINUED





*Two of three All-Star Game quarterbacks are NFL-bound: George Mira (left) to 49ers and Jack Caccannon (above) to Eagles. Pete Beathard (below) goes to Chiefs in AFL.*



For three weeks before their game against the NFL Champion Chicago Bears, the trio of rookies—Mira, Beathard and Concannon—worked under All-Star Coach Otto Graham, once a gifted pro quarterback himself and an honest appraiser of collegiate talent. Each player, Graham said, has problems to overcome along the always-harsh path to professional stardom. "Mira is quick," said Otto, "and a forceful leader. He has the best field vision of the three, primarily because he had to scramble so much at Miami. He has a strong arm and confidence. Of the three, he's best equipped to step in and play right now, but he's short and will have trouble seeing over the big linemen. Also, the way he flies off in all directions, he could get hurt." Of Beathard, Graham said, "Pete's going to be a good one, too, but it will take longer. He's never thrown from the pocket. He's not a fiery leader, but he's strong, can throw deep and he works." Concannon looked to Graham more like a halfback—"a boy with fine, deceptive speed, but a slow delivery." Beathard started against the Bears and passed surprisingly well from his strange drop-back position. Mira came on and did even better darting about in his familiar fashion. Concannon was not really tested. Aside from their loss to the Bears—the score was 28 to 17—the thing all three quarterbacks have most in common is money: combined contracts totaling close to \$275,000. Missing at Chicago, however, was the highest paid rookie passer of them all, Baylor's Dan Trull (see next page).



Late All-Star drive against Bears finds Beathard (No. 12) intermingling wide to Mira, who passed and ran from surprise formation.

Dropping back, Mira scanning the Bears' secondary for a receiver. Best of night, through a blocker here, was Charley Taylor (No. 37).





# DON TRULL QUEUES UP AND COUNTS HIS MONEY

by EDWIN SHRAKE

One Sunday afternoon last autumn Houston Oilers Quarterback George Blanda was bounced off the hard earth of Houston's Jeppesen Stadium by a blazing linebacker and arose looking as if he heard music no one else could hear. At the bench, Houston Coach Pop Ivy beckoned to young Quarterback Jack Lee, who snapped his chin strap and trotted onto the field to replace the staggering Blanda. Halfway to the huddle, Lee stopped. Blanda was angrily waving him away. Lee looked back to the bench. Ivy was waving him toward the huddle. As the home crowd waited and the television cameras came in tight on the scene, Lee stood between the bench and the huddle, between Ivy and Blanda, uncertain whose orders to take. Finally Lee decided George Blanda was the man who was running that team. Lee returned to the bench. Up in the press box former Oiler Coach Lou Rymkus said, "If I was still the coach I'd go out there and punch Blanda in the nose." Down at the bench Ivy sat in silence with his own thoughts, and Lee disgustedly squatted down for another afternoon of watching George Blanda play quarterback.

Pop Ivy is now a scout for the New York Giants. The latest Oiler coach, the fourth in five seasons, is Sam Baugh, the man Ivy hired as an assistant less than a month before Ivy was fired on June 1. But George Blanda is back to run the team again, and Jack Lee is back to wait for Blanda to get out of the way. And, when training camp opened last month, into that strained situation stepped yet another quarterback—rookie Don Trull (see cover), who set three NCAA passing records at Baylor and arrived in Houston with a fat contract, high hopes and a good deal of patience. He will need all he can find of the latter because he might be standing in line for a while. Lee, who has the best throwing arm in the American Football League, has already been in line for four years while the Oilers won three Eastern Division and two league championships on the craft and experience of the 37-year-old Blanda.

If the prospect of sitting around for

a few years bothers Trull, he does not admit it. Sitting around for a few years is the apprenticeship nearly all rookie quarterbacks must endure to learn a game that is different from the one they played in college. Trull has even less chance than the other three top rookie quarterbacks (previous pages) of becoming a starter immediately, despite the fact that he threw a touchdown pass in an exhibition game against the Patriots last Sunday. Nobody else has both a Blanda and a Lee ahead of him.

But Trull is not discouraged. He found himself in a similar situation once before at Baylor, and he came out of it an All-American.

In Trull's sophomore year the two quarterbacks were Ron Stanley and Bobby Ply. Both were so good that Baylor Coach John Bridgers could not decide which one to start. Stanley and Ply were as jealous rivals as Blanda and Lee. But when Ply got hurt and Stanley flopped against Texas, Trull took over in the seventh game and was the hero of Baylor's Gotham Bowl win over Utah State. He became the NCAA's leading passer for the next two years. Trull has the intelligence, the leadership qualities and the determination to pull off such a trick for the Oilers if the circumstances should be right. The reservation—and it is a serious one—is the strength of his arm. Trull has yet to prove he can throw the deep pass that is so necessary for a winning pro quarterback.

When he checked into the Houston training camp last month (Mira, Beathard and Concannon were practicing with the College All-Stars, but Trull had not been invited), Trull went quietly to work. He had a locker between Blanda and Lee, who do not go out of their way to speak to each other, and he was cooperative but embarrassed as a Houston newspaper photographer posed him on top of a firetruck in a fire helmet as the man who could rescue the Oilers from a repeat of last year's 6-8 season. Blanda sat chewing a cigar in the sauna bath the Oilers have installed in their locker room. Lee, who in 1960 came to the Oilers from Cincinnati with almost

as impressive a record as Trull brought in 1964, ignored them both.

"It doesn't worry me that the Oilers would go out and buy a high-priced guy like Trull," Lee said. "It makes sense to go out and get one of the best. Blanda obviously can't play a whole lot longer. Then it will be just me and Trull."

Lee does not try to disguise the fact that it will be a happy day for him when Blanda goes—even though one story is that where Blanda may go is into the Oiler front office as head coach when Baugh's contract is up in December. Lee and Blanda have an intensely competitive relationship. "Jack is a fine athlete," says Oiler Talent Scout John Breen, "but Blanda beats him at everything they play—ping-pong, gin rummy or golf. You know why? Jack tries so hard he loses something, his poise or his cool or whatever you call it. It's not there because George is around."

Frustrated over his inaction, Lee considered playing out his option at the finish of the 1962 season. He was then making \$16,000 per year. He intended to hold out for \$21,000 but instead was offered a three-year contract for \$25,000 per year and signed as fast as he could find a pen. At that price, Lee thought he was bound to play. But Lee played less than ever in 1963. Even when Blanda injured a knee, Pop Ivy gave Blanda a crutch by installing a spread formation to protect him rather than go with Lee.

"I went to Ivy," Lee said bitterly, "and told him to hire a rank second-rater for a measly \$15,000 and let him stand around behind Blanda if that's all they wanted a quarterback for. Ivy told me he would like to play me, but he had to win, and if he lost it was going to be with Blanda, not with me. What little I was in there, people criticized me for throwing the bomb too much. Well, when I got in we usually needed four touchdowns in half a quarter. Did they

continued

Coach Sam Baugh stands behind his three quarterbacks (left to right): rookie Don Trull, veteran George Blanda, middleman Jack Lee



expect me to use the running game, throw short, set up first downs?"

One factor that was—and is—against Lee and against the novitiate, Trull, is that the Oiler veterans are almost solidly for Blanda, who was AFL Player of the Year in 1961 when he threw 36 touch-down passes. The Oilers put the blame for Blanda's comparative failure last season on poor pass blocking and sloppy running of patterns rather than on Blanda himself. "Our linemen were confused about calling their blocking assignments, and the other teams caught on in a hurry and red-dogged the hell out of George," said one player. "But when Lee came in, we just couldn't make ourselves want to go for him. He couldn't get us in a group and lead us across the street. He's cocky, like he wants us to think he's the man but deep inside he knows he's really not. But there's no doubt he has a great arm. Maybe when George is gone we can make ourselves play for Lee—for our own good. We'll just have to wait and see about Trull."

Blanda is prepared to wait and see about Trull—especially if Blanda should become the Oiler coach—but at the moment Blanda has no intention of surrendering his quarterback job. Blanda has been employed in pro football for so long that in 1950, while playing linebacker for the Chicago Bears, he intercepted one of the passes thrown by his current coach, Sam Baugh, who did not retire until Blanda's fourth year in the game. "It was the proudest time of my football career when I intercepted that Baugh pass," said Blanda. "I was a 190-pound flash then. Played linebacker, cornerback, safety. Played anywhere. Yes sir, a real 190-pound flash."

"Blanda looks like a guard now," said Baugh as the Oilers assembled on the \$2.5 million, 6½-acre hunk of real estate they use for a practice field. Off to the south rose a portent of the future, the new Harris County Domes Stadium (SI, Aug. 10), its dome looking like waffled foil in the sunlight. The Oilers and the Houston Colt .45s baseball team will play under the dome next year. To the southwest were the light towers of the more-or-less temporary Colt Stadiums. To the northwest stood the 18-story Shamrock Hilton Hotel. To the north, beyond the Towers Hotel and the APC Building which houses the offices of Oiler Owner Bud Adams, were the walls and lights of Rice Stadium in which the Oilers are

forbidden to play. Surrounded by those symbols of sport, Baugh, the first top pro quarterback, rehearsed Blanda, a fairly successful one, and Lee and Trull, either of whom could become one of the next top pro quarterbacks. In those four men are represented at least 30 years of the game of pro football. But rather than get philosophical about it, Baugh turned his attention to what concerns him more urgently: Who is the quarterback of this day and hour?

"I'm sure gonna keep all three of them," Baugh said. "And I have to go with Blanda until somebody beats him out. But in the exhibition games I'll play Lee and Trull more than Blanda. The way for Trull to learn is to shove him in the game and let him make his own mistakes, and then if he is any good he will learn. On the bench you see mistakes but you don't learn until you're in the thick of it. That's where you learn to evade the rush, to get the ball off, to use patterns that will take advantage of what some linebacker is doing. The only way to improve a young quarterback is to stick him in the game even if he gets you killed. He'll learn more in two years of playing than he will in four years on the bench, if the fans can stand it."

"I like Trull," Baugh said. "He's smart, quick to learn, has good action getting away from the center. His only flaw is inexperience. I think his arm is strong enough."

If the arm is not strong enough, the Oilers have wasted considerable time and money. Houston drafted Trull as a future after the 1962 season, as did the Baltimore Colts of the National Football League. General Manager Don Kellert of the Colts made several courting visits to Trull—whose college coach, Bridgers, was once on the Baltimore staff—but the Colts did not ever come close to winning Trull's affection.

For one thing, Texas athletes like to stay at home if the money is anywhere near equal, and the Colts did not progress far enough to talk money with Trull. For another thing, Baltimore has Johnny Unitas.

"Unitas was the big reason I wasn't very interested in Baltimore," said Trull. "When Baltimore asked me how much it would take to get me there, I said never mind. My playing possibilities in Houston might not look good, but think

how they would look in Baltimore."

Bud Adams, who could moderately be described as flamboyant, invited Trull into his underground office in Houston during the contract discussions. After Trull was properly awed by the black mahogany desk, the fountain, the llama-skin rug, the planter boxes of white gravel and Adams' life story inscribed on the wall in Cherokee (with ice tongs also pointed there, for Adams' father was a seaman before getting into the oil business), Adams offered Trull a Lincoln Continental.

"What would I do with a Lincoln Continental?" said Trull. "That's not my kind of car. I only have one suit of clothes."

They settled for a Thunderbird. But more important was the \$25,000 bonus. Because Trull had passed Baylor to a Bluebonnet Bowl win over LSU on December 21 and had thus become eligible to sign before the January 1 bowl games, the bonus could be paid in the tax year of 1963 at a large saving for its recipient. Part of the money went into stocks, but part of it went for the down payment on a \$30,000 four-bedroom home in the Maplewood South section of Houston. A skeptical mortgage-loan man visited the Oilers to be sure rookie quarterbacks really make enough money to qualify for a loan. In Trull's case, they do.

Big rookie contracts are a morale problem for pro football teams and a source of some often brutal kidding for those who get the contracts. "They've kidded me a lot," said Trull, "but I don't think any of it has been sour. I sure hope it hasn't."

Trull is the sort who takes kidding easily and responds by laughing. In a huddle at Baylor a teammate looked up at Trull and said, "With all those teeth in that wide mouth you look like an alligator coming out of the swamp." After that, Trull was called "Gater," a nickname he still carries and grins about.

But Trull is not so amused by those who doubt his arm. "At Baylor we never went for the long ball," Trull said. "Most teams played us deep anyhow, so we went for the short ones, set finesse, set 'em up. It will take work, but I can throw deep."

Former Baylor End James Ingram, also an Oiler rookie, agrees. "I believe Don can throw the long ball if he works on it," said Ingram. "We used the long ball at Baylor only as a threat, and Don

hit Lawrence Elkans (who set an NCAA record last season by catching 70 passes) once for 70 yards." Talent Scout Breen, who recommended Trull, said, "The day of the bomb is over. In the early years of the league [the AFL], you could throw the bomb for easy scores because our defensive backs weren't so good. Now you can't. You need it now as a reserve weapon, and Trull is adequate at it."

An advantage Trull does have to offset the period it will take to strengthen his arm is that he was trained in college as a drop-back, pocket passer of the type the pros favor. Mira, Beathard and Concanannon were not, and while some observers think the pros may swing more toward roll-out passers eventually, it is still the pocket thrower who is winning. Trull walks as if he has pebbles in his shoes, but he has the ability to run

if the Oilers' blocking pocket collapses.

That is an ability Blanda no longer has. Blanda is a tough leader and is a good thrower of the long ball, but he does not have the legs to run out of trouble and tends to throw interceptions (67 in the past two seasons) when under a thundering rush. Lee is excellent at the long ball and has the arm to rocket a pass 35 to 40 yards on a flat trajectory, an arm that has caused several other AFL clubs, Denver in particular, to try desperately to trade for him. "Lee is the best quarterback in our league and the best back-up quarterback in the game," said Denver Coach Jack Faulkner. But Lee does not yet have the confidence of his teammates and may never get it while Blanda is around.

"I might play another two or three years," Blanda said. "I get along all right

with Lee. It's just that some guys are affable and some aren't. Me, I'm never mad at anybody. I don't know anything about Trull. I'm sure he must be good or they wouldn't have signed him."

The debates and the curiosity about Trull are liable to continue for some years. After the Coaches' All-America Game in Buffalo in June, one of Trull's receivers said, "I think if a guy is going to hold up a pro club for \$100,000 his receivers shouldn't have to field grounders all night." But another of Trull's receivers said, "I think if Trull had played the whole game we would have won." Oiler fans are the ones who will carry on with such conversations. Even when the *mano a mano* between Blanda and Lee is concluded, Trull probably will merely move up another place in line. At his salary, there are worse jobs. **END**



The first pass of Trull's pro career went 16 yards for a touchdown. He completed six passes in a row and made a run of 20 yards against Boston.

# STARS THAT SHINE WITH TOKYO GOLD

*The U.S. can usually win in Star boats, but this year its sailing virtuosos have been deployed through other Olympic classes* **by HUGH WHALL**

**W**ho won?" yelled Malin Burnham, the skipper of Star boat No. 4749 as he headed into the dock at Chicago's Jackson Park Yacht Club after the last race. "We don't know yet," the crowd on the dock screamed back at him. "We think you did."

"Who won?" hollered Gary Comer at another group as he guided his Star No. 4887 toward the beach. Once again the response was indefinite. "They say it may have been you," yelled the crowd. But when the complex Olympic scores that delve deep into logarithms to find the best sailor afloat were all tallied up, neither Burnham nor Comer proved the winner. That honor went to a quiet, systematic sailor named Richard Stearns, who had crossed the line behind 12 other boats in the last race. He was already gloomily loading his boat on its trailer, feeling like a beaten man, when a sweating official ran up, race results in hand. "Congratulations, Dick," he panted. "You won." "Wow," said Stearns, glancing in disbelief at the score sheet that revealed he had led the fleet by a mere 21 points in several thousand, "that was close."

Close indeed. But the cliffhanger finish of the final Star class trials last week was characteristic of the all-out effort the U.S. yachtsmen have been putting into their 1964 Olympic push for more than a year. The Star class is only one of five Olympic classes, but it is the only one in which the U.S. has won more than two gold medals over the years. This year, however, the Olympic Committee, aided and goaded by an organization known as the U.S. International Sailing Association, is determined to push out

the gold in all the classes. Toward that end it has put together an unofficial master plan under which strong classes like the Stars and the 5.5s have been drained of some of their surplus to lend new strength to such weaker classes as the Dragons, Finns and Flying Dutchmen.

Sailmaker Lowell North, who is one of the best Star class sailors in the world, for example, was not there in Chicago last week. He had instead been "encouraged" (i.e., drafted) by the USISA to lend his enormous talents to the Dragon class, in which the American entry finished a dismal 10th at Rome in 1960. North took the hint, had a brand-new Dragon built, turned up with it at the Long Beach, Calif. Dragon trials a month ago, found it didn't meet the class rules, borrowed another boat and went out to win five of the seven races in the final trials.



Winner Stearns makes a final adjustment



Another U.S. class that badly needed a transfusion of talent to bring it up to par with the Europeans is the Flying Dutchmen. These are slim, swift planing boats whose crewmen must swing outboard like circus performers on a trapeze to give them stability. Up to a year ago midwestern boatbuilder Buddy Melges, who three times won the North American sailing championship, cared only for the blunt-ended, slippery scows that he builds and races and for the iceboats he sails in winter on Wisconsin's frozen lakes. But a hint from the Olympic Committee sent Buddy into the strange FD's with a vengeance that paid good dividends when he finally got to the class Olympic trials off Sandy Hook a month ago. All last year Melges practiced in the new boat. He sailed all fall and spring in every race he could, and even relinquished his iceboat in the winter if there was enough open water to launch the FD. The result was a brilliant win at the Olympic trials and another potential gold medal for the U.S.

Meanwhile, despite their donations of



Dick Stearns (Sail No. 4841) leads his rivals Gary Comer (4887) and Melin Burnham (4749) to a windward mark in Chicago's Star class trials.

blood, the strong U.S. classes looked stronger than ever. Among the 66 sailors who turned up in Chicago last week to compete for the right to represent the U.S. in Stars, Dick Stearns was but one of seven former world champions, and nearly every other skipper was either a national or local champ. As Paul Smart, the president of the Star Class Association, said, "It was as fine a collection of talent as anyone had seen anywhere." The closeness of the competition was attested to by the fact that Stearns himself managed to finish first in only one of the seven races. His overall victory was the result of sailing so consistently expert that not even two wins by current World Champion Joe Duplin could put him out of the running.

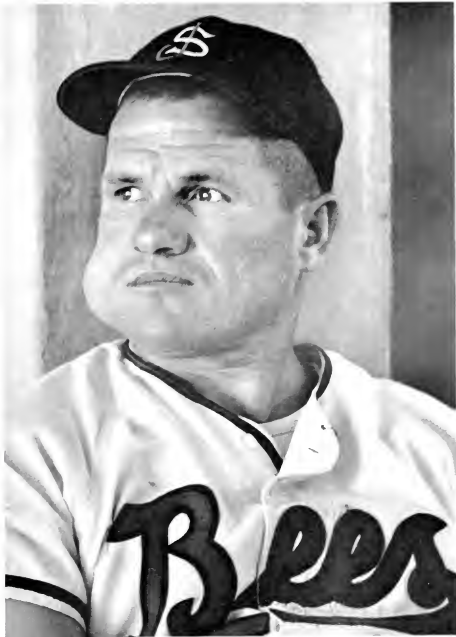
Stearns did slip badly in one race, but fortunately the Olympic scoring system permits each skipper to throw the results of his worst race right out of the score sheet. Stearns's lapse took place in the fourth race. It was on Wednesday, and the surface of Lake Michigan had been chopped into a fine mess by the kind of

breeze that suits Stearns to a T. "I hope it blows like a purple S.O.B.," he had said the night before. But on race day his good luck was countered by surprising bad judgment. For one thing, Sailmaker Stearns had put on the wrong main, an extra-flat sail that didn't suit the conditions. For another, he got caught on the wrong end of a wind shift, and by the time the race ended he was tucked far back into the fleet in 22nd place. That used up his permitted bad race, and from then on he seemingly had no choice but to do well. In the fifth race he sailed through the fleet and got a third. In the sixth he took a first and came ashore waving a little green lizard some rivals had given him during the Western Hemisphere Championships in New Orleans last April. "Actually," Dick explained later, "they gave it to me hoping it would serve as a hex." But the hex hexed the hexers. Stearns won the championships, and ever since he has carried the lizard aboard his boat.

The lizard's hex seemed to be working both ways at Chicago, and on the last

day of racing, when Stearns finished 13th, it obviously was against him. But not enough to hurt. That 13th place just sufficed to give him the narrow win that tagged him for Tokyo. Actually, the committee didn't have to pick Stearns. Under Olympic sailing rules, it can pick anyone it wants regardless of who wins the so-called final trials. Thus, the man it picked to join Stearns as alternate was neither of the men he had beaten so closely. It was James (Ding) Schoonmaker, a man who finished behind them all but—more importantly—a man who could, if necessary, step into either a Finn or a Flying Dutchman and sail it skillfully. This, too, is part of the committee's master plan to have the strongest possible sailing task force in Tokyo. When the final trials are completed next month, the U.S. contingent will include skippers like Lowell North, Dick Stearns and Buddy Melges who not only can sail but who are skilled enough in the nautical arts to cut sails and even build new boats if necessary.

END





*For 11 years Rocky Bridges played (more or less) for seven major league teams and he always got more laughs than hits. This summer he is making his managerial debut with the San Jose Bees. Rocky says he was sent down to learn the pitfalls of managing, but he was all ready with a quick alibi:*

# 'I MANAGED GOOD, BUT BOY DID THEY PLAY BAD'

by GILBERT ROGIN

To begin with," says Rocky Bridges, the manager of the San Jose Bees, "I'm a handsome, debonair, easygoing six-footer. Anyway, that's what I told them at the Braille Institute. As you can see, I'm really a five-foot-eight-and-a-half and I weigh 190, but what you may not know is that my weight is very mobile—it's all moved around in front of me."

This is Rocky's first year as a manager, but he has come prepared, for he is one of the best stand-up comics in the history of baseball. "I'm back in the California League, where I started my slump," he says. "I'm the only man in the history of the game who began his career in a slump and stayed in it. I could play here as well as manage, but I have no guts. In 1947 I hit .183 for Santa Barbara and I'll be damned if I'll try again. I always wanted to be a baseball player. Now that I've quit playing, I still entertain that idea."

No man ever had a greater love for the game of baseball than Rocky Bridges. He considered it a privilege just to sit on the bench in the big leagues, which is a good thing because that was his usual position. "It was like being a little boy forever," he says. "I got a big charge just out of seeing Ted Williams hit. Once in a while they let me try to field some of them, which sort of dimmed my enthusiasm." Rocky's glove was mightier than his bat, but he could always handle a one-liner better than a line drive.

Rocky played (more or less) in the majors for 11 years and coached for two more. All told, he was on seven different teams: Brooklyn (1951-52), Cincinnati (1953-57), Washington (1957-58), De-

troit (1959-60), Cleveland (1960), St. Louis (1960) and the Los Angeles Angels (1961-63). "I've had more numbers on my back than a bingo board," says Rocky. "My wife had to write to me care of Ford Frick. He was the only one who knew where I was. It's a good thing I stayed in Cincinnati for four years—it took me that long to learn how to spell it."

Rocky was a shortstop and second baseman by trade, a third baseman out of desperation and a left fielder for a third of an inning. "If I did anything funny on the ball field it was strictly accidental," he says. "Like the way I played third. Some people thought it was hilarious, but I was on the level all the time. When Charlie Dressen asked me if I could play third, I said, 'Hell, yes. I'll mow your lawn for you if you like. I want to stay up here.'"

Rocky endured in the majors because of his enthusiasm, his versatility and his hustle. "If I told him to go up and get hit on the head," Birdie Tebbetts once said, "he'd do it." For the most part, Rocky was a utility man, cheerfully accepting bit parts as a pinch runner or late-inning defensive replacement. For instance, in 1956 he appeared in 71 games but had only 19 at bats. And hustle, he says, "is not running out of the dugout, as some of my troops at San Jose think."

Rocky's best year was 1958, when he was chosen for the All-Star team. "I was hitting .307 at the break," Rocky recalls, "but then I checked out Frank Lary's fast ball on my jaw. The trouble with having a wired jaw is that you can never tell when you're sleepy—you can't yawn." Rocky didn't play in the All-Star Game, nor did he play in the 1952 World

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**MANAGER ROCKY BRIDGES** of the San Jose Bees, a great chaw of tobacco giving him face the perimeter of Popeye's, fearlessly contemplates putting someone in as a pinch runner.

Series, when he was with the Dodgers. "I've been a paid spectator at some pretty interesting events," he says, "and I've always had a good seat. I guess they figured there was no point in carrying a good thing too far."

Rocky has a .247 lifetime average and hit 16 home runs during his career. In fact, about his only statistical distinction is that he started triple plays in both leagues. "There used to be a rule against hitting me or walking me," Rocky says. "They had a lot going for them if I swung. I never figured myself an out man—I always swung, let it go wherever it wanted. Like I tell my troops, swing the bat. You never know what might happen. Two might get together." In 1961, after hitting his first homer in two seasons, Rocky said: "I'm still behind Babe Ruth's record, but I've been sick. It really wasn't very dramatic. No little guy in the hospital asked me to hit one. I didn't promise it to my kid for his birthday, and my wife will be too shocked to appreciate it. I hit it for me."

All of which adds up to the kind of record that leads a man whose life is baseball luck to the California Leagues of the world, and Rocky is not crying in his Lucky Lager. He was asked the other day whether he thought he had reached his full potential as a baseball player. "I might have gone beyond it," he said.

Rocky finds that the league has changed its shade since he compiled an .884 fielding average in 39 games for Santa Barbara before being put out of his misery with a broken leg. "Reno wasn't in it," Rocky says. "That helped. The last time the Bees were in Reno, I lost the bus and two outfielders, but I won a shortstop and a bat."

The bus is leased from the Santa Cruz Transit Company. "It's not a brand-new bus," says Jack Quinn, general manager and president of the Bees, "but it's not an antique. I don't want to put any laurels in my pocket, but it's as good as any bus in the league."

"The bus isn't air conditioned," says Rocky. "It is if you open the window. Every so often we have to tell the driver to throw another log on the air conditioner. We take a lot of interesting trips in our bus, Reno to Bakersfield—that's 10 hours. We stay at a lot of interesting hotels, too. In one hotel lobby they have an artificial plant. Now, it wasn't always artificial. It's just that it's been there since the Stone Age. In another hotel

they have television sets which only receive vertical lines. We play in some interesting ball parks, too. In one—well, I don't want to say the mound's high, but when I pitch batting practice I got to chew gum."

"There are three things the average man thinks he can do better than anybody else," says Rocky Bridges, "build a fire, run a hotel and manage a baseball team." Managing in the California League is something else, however.

"In one game," Rocky recalls, "there is a man on first, one out and my pitcher is up. 'If you don't bunt him over on the first pitch,' I tell him, 'hit-and-run on the second.' He misses the bunt, takes the next pitch and the guy's thrown out. 'How can you blow a sign when I told it to you?' I ask him. 'Well,' he says, 'I forgot.' Four days later there's a man on first, one out and my pitcher is up. Different pitcher. 'If you don't bunt him over on the first pitch,' I tell him, 'hit-and-run on the second.' He misses the bunt, takes the next pitch and the guy's thrown out. 'How can you blow a sign when I told it to you?' I ask him. 'Well,' he says, 'I forgot.' Now, some guys might get fed off at that, but it halfway struck me as kind of funny. For the life of me, I couldn't see how they could do it twice within a week."

Rocky manages the Bees from the third-base coach's box. "I pick one of the older guys on the club, 22 or 23—one thing that bothers me about this job is that I might come down with the croup—and put him on first base. I don't think anyone listens to him. I try to dream up strategy and things on third—like please hit the ball. The first game I managed good, but boy did they play bad."

"You got to treat the troops as pros but in the back of your mind remember they're novices. They do things you probably did and forgot. Of course, some of them it's safer to tell to go out and get an honest job. The other day my left fielder saw some guys rob a liquor store near the ball park and chased them until he got their license number. Afterwards, he told me that he'd always wanted to be a cop. 'Don't give up hope,' I said."

Rocky is an admirably patient and gentle manager. "I always said I'd never forget I was a player if I became a manager, but I wanted to see if I would. How many times you hear of a manager keeping the guys sitting in front of their lockers for an hour after the ball game?



BASKETBALL STAR COTTON NASH, WHO IS

That's an insult to their intelligence. I can't see bringing out the tambourine and jumping up and down, either. You can be a good guy and still have their respect. Of course, if they start to goof off they can be handled in a different way."

"I know when Rocky's mad at me," says Lon Morton, a San Jose pitcher, *non hors de combat* with a sore arm. "He puts his arm around Lon Morton and says, 'I'm mad at you.'" Morton alternately fascinates and exasperates Rocky. "There's a questionnaire all the players have to fill out," Rocky says. "One of the questions is what is your ambition. Every player but Morton put down 'big-league ballplayer.' Morton wrote, 'Hall of Fame.' Then there's Peraza, my left-handed pitcher who can



NOW PLAYING FIRST, POSES WITH ROCKY

the water. I know I didn't walk on top." But then Bridges has always been a prodigious walker. He did not own a car until he got married. The day he signed with the Dodgers he had previously signed with the Yankees, but walking home he thought it over and tore up the Yankee contract. He then took a bus to the Dodger scout's house and walked all the way home with that contract intact—a total of four miles.

Rocky has always had to scuffle. "When I was a kid," he says, "I sold newspapers, delivered them, stole them." Even when he was a big-leaguer, he was still making it the hard way. He worked winters for a foundry pouring centrifugal die castings, for Borivo cleaning out furnaces and sacking soap, and for a pipeline outfit. "I drove a Mexican diesel," he says, "that's a wheelbarrow. I was on a jackhammer. I dug holes. It not only kept me in shape but, more important, it kept me in money." Since he has been with Los Angeles (the Bees have a working agreement with the Angels) life has been sweeter. Last winter, for instance, Rocky worked for Oscar Gregory, a Paramount, Calif. Chevrolet dealer. "I do lip flappers [luncheon and banquet speeches]," he says. "I'm very big with the Flks."

Rocky is married to the former Mary Alway. "We're just like everybody else," he says, "cat, dog, four kids and debts. I used to lead the league in windows [the envelopes that bills come in]." His children are: Melinda, 11, Lance, 9, Cory, 6 and a baby, John Roland. Rocky cannot recall where the name Lance came from. "I don't remember a bar by that name," he says. "I married my wife on her birthday so cut down on expenses. One kid was born on December 30 so I could claim the deduction. We're a family of conveniences."

Rocky is not handy around the house. "I couldn't fix a track meet," he says. He does like to cook, however. He carries a recipe for veal parmigiana in his wallet that he clipped from a home magazine. Rocky's major diversion is golf. "I play at it," he says. "I know that people who have seen me out on the course find it mighty hard to believe that golf's my hobby. Actually, it's not a hobby. It's an ordeal. I'd do much better if they'd build golf courses in a circle. You see, I have this shoe..."

This season Rocky Bridges is living alone at a Holiday Inn in Sunnyvale, 11

miles from the Bees' ball park. "It's a more lonely life than I'm used to," he says. "You can't run around with the troops, and I miss my wife and kids. I write her, but she says I put more on the envelope than in the letter." Rocky sits by the motel pool with the papers until Larry Klaus, the team trainer, comes by to pick him up. In the majors, Rocky was always the first one in the clubhouse. He's still an early bird, getting to the park at 3 for an 8 p.m. game. "Rocky's lost away from a ball park," says Klaus.

At Municipal Stadium, Rocky puts on a pair of shorts and shower clogs, sticks a chew of Beechnut in his cheek, sets up a chair in the sun behind third and reads *Better Homes and Gardens* or *House Beautiful*. His view is the outfield fence, which is decorated with ads for Bert's Bail Bonds, Rohrer's Wheel Service and the Moderne Drug Co., and beyond it the Santa Cruz Mountains.

"I started chewing in this league," Rocky says. "Guy got me chewing tobacco and smoking cigars the same night. I like a fat cigar. It's easier to chew. I used to have my trips measured by cigars. From Cincinnati to Long Beach was 40 cigars. It was 50 from Washington. I can't chew much around the house. I'm a closet chewer. I always liked to chew when I played ball. When you slide head first, you're liable to swallow a little juice, though. A lot of my troops be chewing lately, but not many be huying. I expect to get irate letters from their moms any day now. It's like a PTA meeting when the moms come around. I always manage to think of something good to tell them their sons are doing." The moms try to please Rocky, too. One day he got a note from a mother thanking him for letting her son off to go to his sister's high school graduation. Accompanying the note was a gift-wrapped five-pack of cigars.

One afternoon, as Rocky was climbing into his uniform, Al Coutts, an All-America second baseman from Los Angeles State, joined the team.

"Here's our new stogie, Larry," said Rocky.

"What size uniform you take?" asked Larry.

"Thirty-two," said Coutts.

"We got 38s and 40s," said Larry.

"You'll never make it on this club," said Rocky. "We go by sizes."

"Anyone we can option out wear a 32?" asked Larry.

(continued)

also throw right, and Cotton Nash, the big Kentucky basketball star. I got on first. Nash could be an interesting individual. I'm small, but I still like the big ones. Nash offers an interesting target for some of my infielders. Some of my infielders make interesting throws. It makes it very interesting, but then I was sent down here to learn the pitfalls of managing—not winning."

Rocky Bridges was born in Refugio, Texas on August 7, 1927 under the name of Everett LaMar Bridges Jr. When he was one, his maternal grandparents took him to Long Beach, Calif., where he has lived ever since. Rocky never learned to swim, however. "My uncle dumped me in the ocean when I was 6," he says. "I think I walked back underneath

"Don't be surprised by the umpires, Coutts," said Rocky. "I'm tired of complaining. What I'm really tired of is running. I pick my spots now. When they're close by. Another thing, you won't hear too much yelling out there. It's kind of a mutes' convention. As long as they play good, though, I don't care if they yell good."

"What time do I report here tomorrow?" asked Coutts.

"Around 6," said Rocky. "This is a kind of a do-it-yourself ball club."

"I don't have a sweat shirt," said Coutts.

"Here, take one of mine," said Rocky, reaching in his locker. "I hope you don't mind if it's a little damp."

Jack Quinn, the general manager, came in. Jack is the son of John Quinn, the general manager of the Phillies, and Rocky says Jack's so thin he could tread water in a test tube. Jack came to San Jose in 1962, the first year the franchise had been active since 1958. Jack won the pennant, drew 62,000 and was named minor league executive of the year (lower division) for performing these feats "in the shadow of Candlestick Park." The Giants' park is only a 45-minute drive up 101 from San Jose. ("We ought to advertise that there's good reception for all Giant games at Municipal Stadium," says Rocky.) Carried away, Jack bought the franchise and sold 300 season tickets. ("He ought to have a saliva test,"

says Rocky.) The Bees finished seventh in 1963, and last winter Jack could only sell 204 season tickets to such San Jose concerns as The Nite Kap, Ann Darling Bowl, Unicorn Pizza, Mid City Magnesia and O'Brien's Almaden Liquors. By mid-season Jack Quinn always seems to be looking forlornly over his shoulder. He gets that way watching foul balls vanish into the parking lot. "There goes another \$1.50," he has been known to sigh many times a night. Jack's baseball bill is \$1,700 per annum (see box).

"How'd you come out to the park, Coutts?" Jack asked.

"Cab," said Coutts.

"Stop by the office later and I'll reimburse you for your cab fare," Jack said. "Unless you want it in stock certificates," he added hopefully.

"No game Monday, Jack?" Rocky asked.

"No."

"Roller derby?"

"Monday night's usually the roller derby," Jack explained. "It pocks them in. No, Rock, it's an off night. The stadium's empty, but they're not used to us playing on Monday—or Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. But Monday's bad. Well, I better be off. I got to check the downtown ticket locations."

This was a joke. There are no downtown ticket locations in San Jose.

There was no batting practice that

night for the Bees or their opponents, the Modesto Colts, as the field was being used first for a Pony League game and then for a Little League game. "You know what the Little League is?" Rocky said, watching the kids play. "Something to keep the parents off the street. I bet you don't know what's the first question Little Leaguers always ask me. 'How much money do you make?'"

After infield practice Rocky joined his troops for a supper of hot dogs and Cokes at a concession stand. Then the Bees went out and beat the Colts 18-0. The first man dressed was Vic LaRose, a utility infielder. Two nights before, when the Bees lost 1-0, LaRose had finally gotten into the game as a pinch runner in the bottom of the ninth but had been stranded on first. He was the first man dressed then, too.

"He do get dressed remarkable quick," Larry had said when LaRose came in for his watch and wallet.

"It's amazing," said Rocky. "He ran all the way in from first."

"You better take a salt pill," Larry told LaRose. "You're bound to get dehydrated dressing so quick."

When he was dressed Rocky joined some of the fans, the two umpires and the Modesto manager in the Bee Hive. The Bee Hive is a club for box-seat holders which has been set up in an old trainer's room under the stands. Free whisky and beer are served for an hour before and an hour after each game.

"Eighteen to 0!" a fan said. "What happened, Rock?"

"I don't know," said Rocky, "but I'm for it."

Someone spilled a beer on the floor and asked the bartender for a sponge.

"Give me that sponge," said Rocky.

"I'm the manager here," he bent down and mopped up the floor.

An hour later, Larry was driving him back to the Holiday Inn.

"I haven't got it made yet," said Rocky. "You know when you know you got it made? When you get your name in the crossword puzzles. But I've gotten a big charge out of it. The troops don't come to you asking advice about getting married when you're coaching for the Big Club. I'm a white-knuckle artist when I fly, so I don't mind the bus. There's a good pinball machine in Modesto, too. I'm real lucky to be here. But, as Branch Rickey said, 'Luck is the residue of design.'" **END**

# **BEES' BALANCE SHEET FOR 1963**

## **EXPENSES**

Ushers (13): \$12 a night  
Ticket takers (13): \$12 a night  
Ticket seller: \$12 a night  
Scoreboard man: \$4 a night  
PA announcer: \$6 a night  
Official scorer: \$7.50 a night  
Bart boys (2): \$3 a night  
Special policemen (2): \$2 an hour  
Bee Hive bartender: \$4 a night  
Park rental, upkeep: \$5,000  
Baseballs: \$1,700  
Bats: \$800  
Bus and driver: \$3,500  
Cleaning uniforms: \$850  
Hotels, meals on road: \$7,000  
Insurance: \$2,200  
Telephone: \$500  
Secretary: \$1,200  
Legal and auditing: \$600  
League dues: \$4,800  
Public relations man: \$6,000

Office supplies: \$400  
Sign painters: \$2,400  
Trainer: \$2,200  
Towels and linen: \$350  
Printing: \$2,000  
Tickets: \$580  
Bees' portion of salaries: \$3,700\*  
Clubhouse supplies: \$150  
Bee Hive liquor: \$800  
Quinn's salary: \$7,200

**TOTAL EXPENSES \$66,300**

## **INCOME**

Season tickets (\$70 a chair): \$21,000  
Fence and program advertising: \$15,000  
Concession (25% of gross): \$7,500  
Special nights (3): \$2,100  
Paid admissions: \$14,000

**TOTAL INCOME \$59,600**

\*Angels provide uniforms, pay 90% of travel salaries. Minimum salary is \$275 a month.



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and Goodyear  
makes tires  
for them.



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tires for them.



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The four-stroke, 50cc engine borders on genius. It's tooled like

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# 1954

Sports Illustrated's first issue appeared 10 years ago this week. The photographs in color and black and white on the next 28 pages are a salute to that memorable decade

# 1964

T

he unforgettable moments in sport are many but subjective—what you remember best is a last-minute touchdown or a ninth-inning home run by your team, or a race or a fight or a stirring comeback that you yourself saw—an excitement you shared directly. One of the aspects of sport that make it so appealing to cantankerous mankind is its capacity to arouse disagreement and argument—my team is better than yours, and the moments I remember are more exciting than the moments you remember. But, since sport is also something to be shared, I enjoy hearing about yours even if I do like mine better. Thus, the hot stove league—and this portfolio of the big moments in sport during the years that this magazine has been in publication. In selecting photographs of a dozen such moments from the past decade, the editors of *Sports Illustrated* were as subjective and arbitrary as any sports fan. We had planned to pick one moment from each year of our existence—but we ended up with three from 1960. We picked none for 1964, on the premise that 1964's biggest moment is yet to be. And we have added a dozen pages of color photographs, a sample of the years, to show the striking beauty of man and animal in athletic endeavor, as well as to illustrate certain significant trends that developed during our first 10 years.





**1954** In May, Roger Bannister ran the first four-minute mile. In June, John Landy ran the second, breaking Bannister's brand-new world record. In August, at the British

Empire Games in Vancouver, the two met in the first duel of four-minute men. Landy set a brisk pace, but Bannister caught him in the stretch (above) and surged away to victory.



**1955** The stands were filled and the track was empty—except for the two superb horses scudding around the clubhouse turn. Nashua, on the rail, Eddie Arcaro up, was the East's favorite. Swaps, pride of the West, ridden by Willie Shoemaker, had upset Nashua in the Kentucky Derby. Now, in a match race at Chicago's Washington Park, Nashua gained revenge, led all the way to win by  $6\frac{1}{4}$  lengths.

**1956** The last pitch was a called strike, and the game was over. Catcher Yogi Berra of the New York Yankees ran toward the mound and leaped like a delighted child into Pitcher Don Larsen's arms. Larsen had faced 27 Brooklyn Dodgers in the fifth game of the World Series, and he had retired all 27 without a man reaching first base. It was a perfect game, the only no-hit, no-run game ever pitched in the Series.







1957 He had been famous as a Philadelphia high school boy, and he would be famous later as a professional. But it was at the University of Kansas that 7-foot 1-inch Wilt (the Stilt) Chamberlain emerged as a great basketball player. Using strength and agility as well as height, he rose above the crowd, as in this game against Iowa State, to assume the unique place in basketball that he still holds.

1958 The referee signaled a score, spectators raced onto the field, players turned to run to dressing rooms and Alan Ameche lay cradling the football he had carried over the goal line. His touchdown, in the sudden-death overtime period, gave the Baltimore Colts a 23-17 victory over the New York Giants and the National Football League championship in the "best football game ever played."

1959 Ingemar Johansson had boasted of the "toeender and lightning" in his right-hand punch, but few believed him. Then, in the third round of his fight with Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson in Yankee Stadium in New York, the thunder and lightning struck. Patterson went down, seven times in all, and the little-known Swedish fighter was suddenly the champion of the world.

THE TRENDS AND MOODS that marked the past 10 years are characterized in this spectacular photograph of racing skis, flying snow, pounding excitement. More and more Americans took to the active life, to skiing in winter, sailing in summer and a thousand other things in between. Sport was in ferment, and it was a fascinating decade for both participant and spectator.









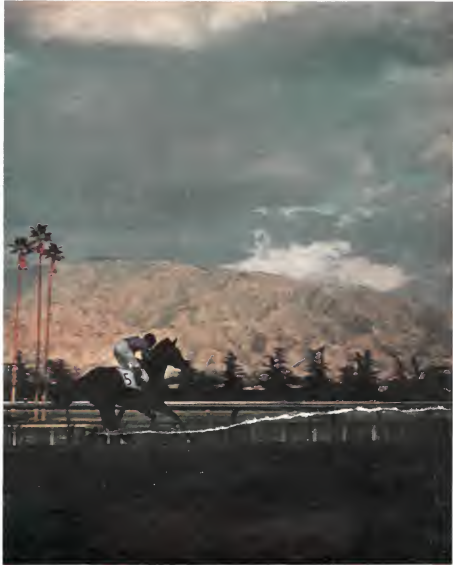
FOOTBALL, already at great heights of popularity grew tremendously during the decade, partly because of the new



emphasis on power, speed and all-out pursuit: a fumbled ball seemed like the focus of lines of intense magnetic force.



**HORSE RACING**, inundated by supermarket tracks built for betting, rose in attendance and money handle. Yet



patches of beauty remained—as at Santa Anita with its palms and mountains—to remind us that racing is still a sport



**ICE HOCKEY** enjoyed sustained prosperity as the National Hockey League played to better than 90% of capacity.



The color and excitement of the violent sport drew huge throngs to watch even habitual losers like the New York Rangers.



**GOLF**, the spectator sport for participants, had an enormous boom. Attendance soared and purses followed. Weekend





golfers crowded courses like Augusta's flower-bedecked National to see professional masters make their impossible shots



**GAMBLING**, always one of man's favorite pastimes, picked up its pace, though the size of the crowds is continually



expanding arenas meant only a few could share the thrill of dirt-shaking closeups like this of greyhounds rounding a bend.



**THE OUTDOOR LIFE** appealed to everyone. Backyard swimming pools were a common sight. New resorts opened and travel boomed as modern highways and jet planes made the distant and inaccessible close and handy. Scuba gear and water skis, spinning reels and sports cars, became part of the mosaic of active living. Sales of sport clothes and equipment rose higher and higher.

**1960** The new decade came roaring in, rich with promise for sport. At Cherry Hills in Denver, Arnold Palmer moved his name to the very top when he broke through to win his first U.S. Open. Trailing by seven strokes as he began his last round, Palmer shot a record-breaking 66, and when he flung his golf cap in the air after sinking his final putt he was the winner by two big strokes.





1960 With the scoreboard setting the scene—the score in the ninth inning of the seventh game of the World Series—

ICIAL WATCH



NGINES

NATIONAL

BATTER  
9

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1923 NYORK 0000140228

3281 PITTS 22000005

BALL STRIKE

OUT

UMPIRES

1ST 2ND 3RD

HOME PLATE

SCORE CARD



Bill Mazeroski of Pittsburgh hit a homer (see ball above scoreboard), and the Pirates became champions of the world.



1960 The Grand Olympics, they called the affair in Rome, partly because of classic moments like this: the barefoot





Ethiopian, Abebe Bikila, winning the marathon against a background of the Arch of Constantine and the Colosseum.



**1961** He had been dead for 13 years, but the magic name in baseball was still Babe Ruth, and the magic record Ruth's 60 home runs in 1927. Now another New York Yankee, Roger Maris, relentlessly pursued the Babe. Here, in a night game at Yankee Stadium, he hit his 60th home run and caught Ruth. On the last day of the season, Maris hit No. 61, and the Babe's famous record was gone.

**1962** Arnold Palmer's domination of golf was challenged when Jack Nicklaus walked into the picture. In the U.S. Open at Oakmont near Pittsburgh, Palmer waited three and a half minutes for this putt to drop, then reluctantly tapped it in. That infinitesimal stroke cost Palmer the championship. Nicklaus beat him after 72 holes and then beat him in the playoff to win his first U.S. Open.







1963 SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's first year saw the first four-minute mile; its 10th year saw the first 17-foot pole vault, a graceful, soaring effort by John Pennel, who utilized the fiberglass pole and the new techniques that the new pole demanded. This remarkable photograph of Pennel's big moment reflects the position of sport as we enter our second decade—new records, new departures, new horizons, a bright future where the sky is the limit.



**Mustang—exciting new car from Ford Motor Company...  
show stopper at the World's Fair**



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We think we have pretty fair grounds for showing off our Mustang at the World's Fair. The wonderland setting, our "wonder" car and the Ford Motor Company Wonder Rotunda go together to sum up our feelings about new product ideas at Ford Motor Company. We plan them—from a standpoint of over-all design and engineering—to be nothing short of wonderful.

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the idea into a fine-quality product.

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When you visit our Wonder Rotunda at the Fair, you'll find another example of how we do things with extra flair. We seat you inside a new Ford-built convertible and whisk you over a Magic Skyway that takes you from the prehistoric past far into a city of the future.

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## The bottle is rather curious

When something very exceptional is developed, it would be a shame to dress it out in a rather ordinary way. Somehow it doesn't seem right that Michelob should go forth in the same container design as that of other beers. In fact, it would have been a dismal blunder. When justice is done, it should *appear* to be done.

*Michelob*... more than  
any other beer

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It was a lovely Saturday on the brink, so two old soldiers took a rare holiday and spent the afternoon together on the beach at Vung Tau (formerly Cap Saint Jacques) in South Vietnam. Premier Nguyen Khanh, wearing white shirt and shorts, lounged in a beach chair on the sand and watched Ambassador Maxwell Taylor shed his blue-and-white sports shirt and plunge into the surf for a swim. "C'est magnifique," exclaimed the polylingual diplomat, but the magnificence didn't last long. Next day all hell broke loose on the Gulf of Tonkin and the holiday was over.

"I'm so tired I can hardly move," said Jackie Gleason in Miami Beach after completing 36 holes (81-83) on the Doral Country Club's difficult Blue Course. Gleason played with a brand-new set of clubs given him by his hero, Arnold Palmer (Jackie also owns a 14K-gold putter with a mink mitten to protect it). On the wagon but scarcely less bulky than before, Jackie covered the Doral course in a baby-blue golf cart equipped with TV set, walkie-talkie and mahogany bar packed with diet soft drinks. His golf balls, personally engraved, were the gift of Miami Beach's Mayor Mel Richard, who couldn't be happier to have so much news-making noise back in town.

While their fathers talked about housing, poverty and—just possibly—the vice-presidency of the U.S., the Johnson girls, Luci Baines, 17, and Lynda Bird, 20, splashed with the Wagner boys, Duncan, 17, and Bob Jr., 20, in the White House swimming pool. After that all four of them had a fling at the bowling alley in the Executive Office Building next door ("I think someone built it for one of President Truman's birthdays," said young Bob Wagner). All in all, the Wagners had such fun with the Johnsons over their White House weekend that they asked the

President's daughters to visit them in New York.

Left tennis fans wonder, top U.S. Davis Cupper **Chuck McKinley** has not permanently abandoned the court for the links. "I'm a terrible golfer, but I enjoy it, so I played a few times," said Chuck, caught on a fairway during the Eastern grass court championship last week. "I just thought it was time to lay off tennis for a few days."

Physically fit at 36-24-35, **Mamie Van Doren** is not opposed to international competition on the distaff side. It's just that she thinks there are better ways to compete than by jousting a javelin or running around a cinder track. "When I walk down the street with a date," said Mamie last week, "I want people to know which one of us is the man. As for javelins, they'll never make one that's as good a weapon as perfume."

If impeccable **Sam Snead** votes Republican this year, it will just be backlash from that terrible moment 24 years ago when he saw walking toward him in the Phoenix Country Club pro-am tournament an assigned partner dressed in blue jeans, tennis shoes, T shirt and a teggall hat. And if **Barry Goldwater** hadn't followed his first botched tee shot with two birdies and an eagle on consecutive holes to help Sam win the tournament, the latter might never have recovered his composure at all. Golfer Goldwater (right) now shoots regularly in the high 70s and Snead has not only forgiven him those terrible clothes, but become his fast friend.

Young (23) **Winnie Churchill** was scarcely married to his new bride **Minnie** when the rumors started whirling that he was about to fly away from her. As a matter of fact, he was. A hot pilot and as eager for adventure as his famed grandfather, young Churchill is planning to try for

a new round-the-world record in light planes. But not alone—he will be co-pilot for another grandpa, **Max Conrad**.

The vipers and varmints in Florida's swamps can relax. It isn't true that their spiritual Mom, Author **Philip Wylie**, was about to leave them. Wylie, a conservationist who hates industrial predators as much as mothers, sold his four-acre estate in Miami only to buy another, even closer to nature.

"We swim and ski and skate and sail and paddle," says Mrs. S. **Braley Gray** of Old Town, Me. And up to the time Mrs. Gray married Mr. Gray, that's about all they did. But Mrs. Gray, a southern girl, brought a horse into the Maine family that has been making the world's best canoes for as long as most sportsmen can remember. Ever since then the Old Town Grays have been swimming and skiing

and skating and sailing and paddling and riding as well—riding so expertly, in fact, that last week their eldest daughter won the top prize at Canada's famed National Pony Club Rally.

Bong a Beanie fan is not, in general, a profitable preoccupation. But it paid off in cash at 2 to 1 last week when Drake's Drum galloped home first at York-shire's Ripon track. Drum is owned by Beanie **Paul McCartney's** father, and according to a British bookie, "All the housewives backed it."

"Until the day I was champion, I was hungry," said **Ingermar Johansson** last week in the Miami Beach Convention Hall where he lost his heavy weight title. "Then, after I win, I start to do bad things." Not all bad, however. Ingo was back in Miami Beach for the specific purpose of helping to pick another world champion—Miss Universe of 1964.





IN ROUGH, POWERFUL CURRENTS BELOW 70-FOOT FALLS, TWO GILLIES ARE SOMETIMES NEEDED TO HANDLE THE ANGLER'S BOAT

## *The best single salmon pool anywhere*

Norway's fabled Malangsfoss Pool, far above the Arctic Circle, has provided superb salmon fishing for centuries, but only for a favored few. Now it has been opened to anyone who wants to lease it—at \$435 a day

**B** long acclimation, the king of freshwater game fishes is the Atlantic salmon. He can be taken in the New World and the Old, in Maine (to some extent), Canada, Scotland and Ireland, but his finest domain is Norway, where the world-record salmon of 75 pounds was killed in 1928. And now Norway, "for the first time in a thousand years," as one awed Norwegian put it, has opened one of the world's best salmon pools to the general public.

It is the Malangsfoss, situated on the Maals River 250 miles above the Arctic Circle. The farmers who own it were persuaded by Eric Myhre of Mytravel International, Oslo, that anglers from the world over would flock to it once they learned it was available for short-term leases to be obtained through Myhre's agency. They have begun to do so, even though an individual who wants it all to

himself is taxed \$435 a day. A party of four, on the other hand, may fish it for \$148 a day apiece, a rate that includes comfortable accommodations in a paneled, sod-roofed lodge, good meals and expert gillies—among them the celebrated Konrad Foshaug, who has assisted some of the world's foremost anglers.

If the price seems high, consider that since 1954 Sampson R. Field, an angler of renown and high desire, has paid \$35,000 each year for fishing rights to the Alta River during the month of July and next year expects the price to go up to almost \$50,000. Six friends share the lease with him, but the lease is not the only expense.

"Once you have secured your beat," says Field, "your problems have just started. On the Alta we have to keep guards posted constantly to protect the river from poachers. This year we had

to bring in 12 policemen from various parts of Norway and police dogs. It was worth the trouble. We caught, red-handed, six poachers who were working as a group. They even had walkie-talkies, and women acting as lookouts."

Field has fished Norway for the past 14 summers, 10 of them on the Alta, which he leases in its entirety. He took over Tony Pelitzer's Alta lease 10 years ago. Pulitzer had acquired it from the late Duke of Westminster, who in 1926 took 33 salmon there in a single "night." (In the Land of the Midnight Sun one may fish in broad daylight 24 hours a day, but the best fishing, it is said, comes when the sun is lowest on the horizon, and that period is called night.) Field himself has taken 17 fish in one night on the Alta. Before Westminster the river was controlled for decades by Scotland's Duke of Roxburghe.

Even outside Norway, salmon fishing can be mighty expensive. An angler fishing New Brunswick's famed Restigouche on a beat owned by the exclusive Restigouche (that's the way they spell it) Salmon Club might find that his expenditure came to \$1,000 a fish. In this year of high prosperity in Europe and America, salmon-fishing rates are escalating, as they say in Washington, like moon rockets. Nor have the best beats ever been cheap. Laval University has calculated that the annual average number of salmon taken by Quebec Club anglers from 1950 to 1954 was 7,000 and that each salmon brought in by rod and reel cost its proud conqueror \$175, or, averaging them at 12 pounds each, \$14.60 a pound. But to keep it all relative and in perspective, let us remember that last winter some persons paid \$250 a ticket to see Cissous Clay and Sonny Liston, neither of whom can fight as well as a salmon.

Besides, not all good salmon beats are so expensive. The Tana, where that record 75-pounder was taken, holds heavier fish than any other river in the world and can be fished for as little as a license fee of \$5 a week on some stretches, \$12 on others. Unfortunately, 90% of the Tana's fish are netted, legally and illegally. On some of the best salmon-fishing waters of Ireland the cost averages about \$6 a day, though on the River Blackwater in County Cork it can rise to as much as \$450 per rod per week. In Norway some beats can be had for no more than the price of a night's lodging. Thus, if you check in at the Laland Hotel at Bulken, free fishing is available in the Vossa River, where on just one day in 1958 three 60-pound salmon were taken.

Perhaps the most interesting Norwegian river to watch over the next few years will be the Sand, whose lodge is only one hour by hydrofoil from Stavanger. From 1884 to 1924 the entire Sand was leased by British anglers. Thereafter it was turned over to commercial nets and traps, which vastly reduced the stock of salmon. Since 1957 the rights have been owned by Charles Bergesen, one of the shareholders of Stavanger's very modern Hotel Atlantic, through which fishing reservations may be made at a cost of \$126 a day for a party of six. The price, one may expect, will rise as the Sand fulfills its promise. All commercial fishing on it ceased in 1956 after a restocking program was instituted, and the salmon have now be-

gun to come back in quantity. Early this season, which started late in May, a 52-pounder was taken. The year 1964 looks to be 200% better than was 1963, and next year ought to be wonderful.

If you would like to fish the river that General Eisenhower visited on weekends just after World War II, flying in from his Berlin headquarters, you might try the small but very pretty Figen, a dozen miles from Stavanger, for as little as \$35 per rod per day. The season runs from April 15 to September 15, with the salmon at their best from mid-July onward and sea trout (*salmo trutta f. var. tatra*), well worth angling for, taking over in August and September.

But the opening of the Malangsloss is what has created the most excitement among salmon fishermen this summer. The reputation of this beat is world-wide. Field considers it "perhaps the best single pool anywhere." To Charles Ritz, son of the Swiss hotelier and a fly-fisherman all his life, it is so gloriously packed with salmon as to be considered an "aquarium for salmon." It has already produced one fish of 57 pounds and, to judge by tantalizing tales of furious encounters in its deep, swift currents, others as big and bigger have been lost there. The tales are easily believed. Many Norwegian rivers produce 50-pounders every year, and the Maals River, on which the Malangsloss pool is situated beneath a 70-

foot waterfall, is one of Norway's best.

It is also one of the farthest north, lying at a parallel approximating that of northern Alaska. Because the Gulf Stream warms the area, summer temperatures are generally mild, with readings of from 50° to 70°. Even so, spray from the falls, just beneath which a good deal of the fishing is done, can be chill and penetrating. Lightweight woolen underwear, wool-and-cotton shirts and a water-repellent windbreaker are advisable, along with hip boots or waders and foul-weather gear. Since the snow-fed waters are icy, thick wooden socks should be worn.

The last major airport north on the western coast of Norway is at Bardufoss, 4½ hours flying time from Oslo and well into summer's nightless country. Malangsloss is a short drive from Bardufoss.

When snows are melting fast the water becomes high and murky, and then the Malangsloss is best fished by trolling a silver-and-copper spoon deep in the turbulent water below the falls. With low, clear water it can be fished with a fly (Silver Doctor, Black Doctor, Green Highlander and such on hooks up to 5.0). These can be cast from several spots on shore. In low water a little wading is possible. Even so, the best parts of the pool, which is a generous 250 by 200 yards, are reachable only by boat. As many as six rods can fish it at once,

continued



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## FISHING *continued*

but four is ideal, with two anglers fishing from boats and two from shore. Because the currents are so swift and include everything from rapids to a small maelstrom (sometimes in high water it takes two gillies to handle a boat) outfitters urge double-handed fly rods 12 to 14 feet long and big reels backed with 150 yards of 15-pound-test line. The gillies frown on spinning tackle, holding that the fish are more easily controlled from a fly reel, but, if big enough, spinning outfits are certainly usable. This is the conservative approach to the Malangsloss. Actually, when conditions are right, an experienced fisherman can do well and have more sport with a single-handed, powerful fly rod of nine feet or so, a much more wieldy and comfortable instrument.

In late June and early July the salmon enter the fjord into which the Maas empties and proceed eight miles up to the pool, where they are stopped for a while by the falls. There they rest, gathering strength to battle their way up a fish ladder and through the tumult of white water to their spawning beds. There are so many fish in the pool that a spoon trolled deep sometimes will foul-hook one in the back. During this period they do not feed. Food never has been found in a salmon's stomach at this time. Why, then, they strike at flies and spoons designed to resemble baitfish is a mystery. Out of irritability, perhaps. Or it may be a reflex brought on by a memory of youth, when they fed voraciously in this very river. Or at such a time they may want privacy. At any rate, from early July to mid-August there are six weeks of fine salmon fishing on the Malangsloss. (In southern Norway, on the other hand, the season is at its peak in June and July.) The sea-trout season precedes and follows the salmon run, with a netted 38½-pounder the biggest ever taken in the country. Over and beyond that, Norway claims a 51-pound brown trout netted in 1880, and there is superb fishing for Arctic char and grayling, too.

The Malangsloss bent could be the new rival to the Alta, which is even farther north, in Finnmark. During its best periods the Alta has been leased exclusively by British dukes and American millionaires since 1860. Only fly-fishing is permitted there. The season extends from early June through early September, but the river is available on





TRACK & FIELD / Tom C. Brady

## At last the girls are ours

The U.S. is getting possessive about its women athletes, and rightly: they shape up as a real Olympic threat

BRIGHT HOPES ARE EDITH MCGUIRE (LEFT) AND JAVELIN THROWER RANAEE BARR

Ed Temple is the coach of the U.S. women's Olympic track and field team. He is also a man with a mission, and it was therefore with a certain amount of emotion that he heard one little word last month while listening to a TV playback of the Russian-American track meet. The word was "our," and to Temple it meant that girls in short shorts and spikes were no longer a subject to be avoided in gracious conversation. "I've heard those television people before," said Temple. "It was always 'the girls.' But when they started beating the Russians in Los Angeles, you know what that announcer called them? He called them 'our girls.'"

Last week, at Randalls Island in New York, 168 of our girls, younger and far friskier than ever (and nearly alone in almost empty Downing Stadium), ran, jumped and tossed and (face it) sweated their way onto the U.S. Olympic track and field team. Ed Temple beamed like a man who finally had the makings of a team that, with luck, could make good—and quite cheerful—drawing room chatter next October.

Missing from the trials was Wilma Rudolph, winner of three gold medals in Rome. Her absence should have made any coach burst into sobs, but Temple, who once said it would take three girls to fill Wilma's shoes, has the three—and more. One, in fact—Edith McGuire—

could move right into Wilma's place on the Olympic podium in the 100- and 200-meter dashes and 400-meter relay. Temple would rather roll naked in a bed of nettles than compare the two girls. Still, the comparison is apt. Edith McGuire has the same supple, long legs, the same loose gut and the same ability to relax right up until the starter says, "Ladies, take your marks." One judge, while passing Miss McGuire on the way to the starting line of the 100-meter dash, whirled, scratched his head and said: "My God, her eyes were closed."

But when the time to race comes, Miss McGuire is wide awake and ready, and she can put more grace and life into a 100- or 200-meter dash than any other woman in the world today. She proved this in the trials by winning both events in the excellent times of 11.3 and 23.4. Nor were such accomplishments cake-walks. Just a hot breath behind Edith in the 100-meter came Marilyn White, a shorter version of pure speed, and Wyomia Tyus, barely 19 and a teammate of Edith's at Tennessee State ("My girl for '68," Temple calls her). In the 200-meter dash it was Vivian Brown, another Tigerbelle, who goes to the starting blocks as tense as Miss McGuire is relaxed, who made the pace telling. "No one's showed the pure speed of Wilma," said Temple, "but then Wilma didn't show the speed of Wilma until she did

it in the Olympics. Any one of these girls might just run away from the field at Tokyo."

One of the observers who was impressed by the American girls in the Russian meet was the Russian coach himself, Gabriel Korobkov, who went so far as to say, "I think your women may win more gold medals than the men." Korobkov is a charmer, but he is wrong. The American men certainly will win more gold medals than the women. But when he refers to the girls as "fantastic," the word has a ring of at least partial truth. At that, he did not get to see a saucy little 17-year-old blonde from Kansas named Janell Smith run the 400 meters. When he does, he is in for another severe shock. Like the American men, Miss Smith gives every indication that the U.S. is about to win some medals in the longer races.

Held out of the Russian meet by her coach (and father) so she would be primed for the trials, Janell Smith came to town with less than a year's experience in this difficult event—and the first half of that was undistinguished. "She had a real block about a fast race," said Meade Smith, "something like the four-minute mile was before Roger Bannister came along to break it." Papa Smith fixed that this winter when he entered Janell in a 400-meter race against two boys, each of whom was to run 200

meters. At the finish her time was an impressive 55.6, and since then neither time nor women have bothered her much. Neither have her mistakes, which are frequent but never fatal. In the semifinals last weekend she nailed her starting blocks into the track pointing to the outside instead of into the turn. She nearly made a complete circle trying to straighten herself out at the start but still managed to finish with a time of 54.6, just 1.2 seconds off the world record. In the finals Miss Smith popped out of the blocks well before the starter had indicated that such action was permissible and had to reassemble herself for another start. That effort, plus a headwind in the backstretch, eliminated any possibility of a record, but she won by five yards anyway.

Korokhov did see Wallye White and Eleanor Montgomery, two who specialize in jumping farther and higher than any other American girls. He will see plenty more of them at Tokyo. Miss White, who broad-jumped 21 feet 4 inches, would have done at least a foot and a half better had she not fallen backwards on one remarkable try. Miss Montgomery cleared the high jump at

5 feet 8, not earthshaking by any means and a good four inches from a gold medal at Tokyo. But when the lithe high jumper was discovered in Cleveland only last year she was underweight and lacked stamina. Her coach, Marilyn West, has been force-feeding her vitamins and working on her technique, and she now awaits higher and better leaps.

Jumping and running events have interested American girls for years. The javelin, however, had been a puzzlement—that is until RaNae Barr, a tall (5 feet 11), slender, sandy blonde from San Diego, took it up two years ago. When done correctly, the javelin is one of the prettiest of all sporting events, but as practiced by the early Miss Barr it had the esthetic quality of a partially blocked punt. Her best tosses went 75 feet. But RaNae Barr's goal was Tokyo in 1964, and she set about getting there. Her program was to run every morning along the beaches of San Diego, listen carefully to anyone who would help her (almost nobody did) and study textbooks until she had mastered the intricate cross-over steps and swivel hip motion that gives the sport its winning grace. Exactly one month after her first

throw Miss Barr entered her first big meet, and got off a heave of 152.7 feet, just 17 feet less than the best any American girl had done before. Miss Barr has improved her performance in every major meet since then. The throw has become loftier, the arch more geometrically perfect and the approach more graceful. This year at the Nationals at Hanford, Calif., Miss Barr, who competes best in good company, threw the javelin 173 feet to set an American record and convince herself that Tokyo was sure and a medal possible. "I always had it in the back of my mind that I could make it," she said, "but that was the day I knew it."

Last week RaNae Barr (the name comes from the French Renee, and is pronounced similarly) balanced the slender javelin over her right shoulder, raised it and lowered it three times as if in challenge to some enraged beast, started her long, leaping stride toward the take-off area, crossed over for her two approach steps and without so much as a grunt added three more feet to her American record (176). "That, sir," said one Olympic official, "is pure beauty." That, sir, is one of our girls. **END**

JANELLE SMITH (SECOND FROM RIGHT) SPRINTS AROUND TURN ON WAY TO EASY WIN IN NEW OLYMPIC EVENT, THE 400-METER RUN



## Japan zeroes in on world racing

**On a difficult European course, Honda launched the first Oriental invasion of Grand Prix competition**

Since the dawn of motoring, auto racing has been almost exclusively a pastime of the Western world. Last week that exclusiveness was abruptly shattered. In a historic debut in the German Grand Prix, Honda of Japan became the first Oriental entrant in bigtime international competition.

The Japanese could hardly have chosen a course tougher than the long, serpentine Nürburgring on which to start, but no one took them lightly. "They're serious people," said Ferrari Driver John Surtees, who, as an old motorcycle champion, knows all about spectacular Honda successes in that field. "Nobody must underestimate them."

Honda, which manufactures 4,500 motorcycles daily, has been devoting its attention to producing a Grand Prix car for more than two years. The man responsible for its concept is Yoshio Nakamura, 45, the slight, bespectacled chief engineer of Honda automobiles. With another Honda engineer, Hisakazu (Papasan) Sekiguchi, he worked closely on the design of the Zero fighter-plane engine of World War II. Their boss is another brilliant engineer, Soichiro Honda, founder of the firm.

The white Honda car arrived in Germany with a blazing sun painted on its nose. It had an aluminum monocoque section in the center and a tubular steel structure attached at the rear. Its engine, an exception among the present V-8 racers, was a V-12 mounted sideways behind the driver.

Nakamura was reticent about discussing the engine, but did claim a horsepower output of "more than 200." That is equal to or better than the best the competition has—and no surprise, since Honda is famous for squeezing astonishing power from its tiny racing motorcycle engines.

"At the moment the car is a traveling test-bed," said the British racing journalist Denis Jenkinson. "I don't suppose it will look anything like this next year. If the car had been introduced 12 months ago it would have been ahead of the others, now it is contemporary."

With Nakamura at the Nurburgring were four mechanics, two carburetor specialists, three research development engineers, including Papasan Sekiguchi,

two French transport drivers and the car's driver, Ronnie Bucknum, 28, a California sports car man with no previous Grand Prix racing experience.

With first-line drivers already committed elsewhere, Honda had made a wise choice in Bucknum. He did everything that was asked of him on the track and a marvelous public-relations job for Honda off the course. He was asked if he would like to test-drive the Honda last March, the week before Florida's Sebring 12 Hours, where he raced a Porsche 904 with Richie Ginther. Bucknum went on to Japan, and after driving the car for two days was offered a contract for the rest of the year. It was signed when Soichiro Honda laughingly agreed to throw into the deal a 250-cc. Honda Scrambler. Like Film Star Steve McQueen (whom he taught to race sports cars), Ronnie is a motorcycle fiend.

Before official practice began, Bucknum was able to get in four laps. That was enough to reveal that the car was bottoming and the suspension urgently needed adjustment.

"We know the car won't be competitive right off but we'll be there," remarked Ronnie. "There will be no sense in going out trying to chase Jimmy Clark round, either. I'd wind up stacking it in a tree."

The Nürburgring circuit, 14.2 miles around, is the longest and most frightening big dipper in existence. It has more nightmare twists, bends, blind corners, ascents and descents than any other course in the world, and the weather is often dirty. There are 172 corners, and between the highest point at the start and finish and its lowest point, the course falls and rises nearly 1,000 feet.

"There's so much of the Nurburgring," said Graham Hill, "that there is never time to get to know every corner. You can do 30 to 50 laps in practice elsewhere, but here you can get in perhaps seven to 10."

Rather than compete first at the Nurburgring, Honda had wanted to enter the prior Dutch and French Grands Prix.

"This course," commented Nakamura, "is particularly difficult. We couldn't make it before because Japan and Europe are such a distance apart. I think one really needs three or four weeks to know it. We've only two days practice. But it is very good experience and good study. I must study more and more."

Because of typical new-car bugs, Buck-



**SENT OFF** by hopeful crew, Honda driver Ronnie Bucknum rolls onto the Nurburgring.



num got little study time himself. First the Honda leaked water, then oil (the ingenious Honda cure for that was an oil overflow tank consisting of a Coke can wired to the car), then swallowed a valve, requiring a change of engines. Bucknum was barely able to complete the five mandatory practice laps.

On the last two, he took the car carefully around on a rain-slicked course, clocking 13 minutes each time. "I set a record for slowness," he said, "but I know that if everything was right the car could certainly do under nine minutes."

"Next year," said an astute follower of racing, "will be a different story. You'll notice nobody laughed when they put a Coke can on the back. Honda has money, engineers and technicians, and they'll be in there fighting before long." Lotus Designer Colin Chapman, one of the men who will have to meet the Japanese challenge when it really comes, said during the practice periods when Honda was in such trouble, "I admire their courage in coming here and getting into difficulties in front of us. Most people would be afraid to do that."

The race reinforced the Nürburgring's reputation as a car killer. Of 22 cars on the grid only 10 were left running at the finish, and John Surtees repeated his 1963 Ferrari victory. By placing second, Graham Hill (BRM) moved slightly ahead of Defending Champion Jimmy Clark (whose Lotus failed) in the run for the world title.

It must be admitted that the Honda performed well beyond expectations. From the beginning Bucknum started working up through the field and by the third lap was running 12th. He held that position until the seventh lap when he moved into 11th place as Clark had to come in. He stayed there until the 11th lap, when Richie Ginther (BRM), who had pitted for a plug change, overtook him. On the 12th, after driving a fine race, he ran off the road just before the famed Karussell Bend. He was unhurt but the car was wrecked.

Bucknum had been traveling at about 130 mph. He went into a ditch, losing three wheels on the way. The fuselage collapsed. "The steering broke," Bucknum explained. "They'll never race that car again."

Still, it was an impressive beginning. One of these days there will be other cars and no doubt some stiff Japanese competition for the West.

END



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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

## The end of a Canada dry spell

The Summer Nationals, held in Toronto, are now over, and it is a pleasure to report that for most of the 10-day tournament, the Canadians were perfect hosts. They coped efficiently with the problem of massive participation—there were 11,144 tables—listened sympathetically to complaints about the weather (it was steamy hot) and were gracious enough to lose every major event until the last one, the highly important Masters Knockout Team championship.

There were 108 teams entered, including many topnotch ones from the U.S., but in the end it was two Canadian teams that were fighting for the trophy. One was headed by Eric Murray, the other by Bruce Gowdy.

In the seventh round Murray pinned a first defeat on Gowdy by 12 International Match Points. But under the conditions of the event a team is not eliminated until it loses twice. So the Gowdy team continued on, to come up against the defending champions, led by Clifford Russell of Miami Beach, in the semifinal. This seesaw match ended (below) on a

note of high excitement. With the Gowdy team ahead by 12 IMPs, Waldemar von Zedtwitz and Edith Kemp of the Russell team were still playing when it came to the last deal.

Before the hand was bid, the players waiting outside figured that the match was over. North-South for Canada had bid four hearts, making five, and that appeared to be the limit of the deal. But Von Zedtwitz, realizing he was behind, decided to shoot the works and bid six.

The spade opening gave hope to the slam when South let it ride to his hand. East won the second trump lead with the ace and returned a spade, thereby breaking what would have been an inescapable squeeze. This forced out dummy's ace and left no reentry. Declarer then tried for a pseudosqueeze, returning to his hand with a high club. But on the run of South's hearts, West, guided by his partner's discards, threw all his diamonds, keeping his high spade and his stopper in clubs. The slam went down, the Russell team went out, and the stage was set for the all-Canadian final.

Meanwhile, the Murray team had kept winning. The last U.S. victims were Danny Rotman and teammates, a midwestern outfit. But Rotman's chances exploded early on the deal shown at right.

Had East been allowed to play two diamonds, he probably would have been set two tricks. But when Murray doubled for a takeout and his partner, Summy Kehela, removed to two spades, it looked as if the Canadians had fallen squarely into the trap baited by Rotman's puss of his partner's weak two-bid. The highly partisan audience watching the play groaned in unison—but the groans were soon to turn to cheers.

Kehela won the heart lead with dummy's ace and led a club. Charles Coon played his ace to return the diamond jack. This haste to lead diamonds helped

North-South vulnerable  
South dealer

NORTH				EAST			
♠	K 5 2			♠	9 3		
♥	A 5 3			♥	7		
♦	A 9			♦	J 10 8 5 3 2		
♣	K 10 9 7			♣	A 5 4 2		

WEST				SOUTH			
♠	A J 10 7			♠	K Q 6 4		
♥	Q J 10 9 4			♥	K 6 2		
♦	K			♦	Q 7 6 4		
♣	J 8 6			♣	Q 3		

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
(Murray)	(Coon)	(Kehela)	(Rotman)
PASS	2♦	PASS	PASS
DOUBLE	PASS	3♦	DOUBLE
PASS	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: heart queen

Kehela guess that East did not have the king. Kehela ducked, and West had to play that card, captured by dummy's ace. A club to the queen was followed by the lead of the spade queen. West grabbed the ace and gave East a heart ruff—but this was one of Kehela's losers anyway. Coon returned the 10 of diamonds, covered by the queen and ruffed by West, but again this was undamaging. After that the defense was through, except for one more trump trick for West. South was able to ruff one diamond in dummy and discard another on the club king to make his contract.

Murray went on to win the match by a shattering 119-IMP margin, then proceeded to defeat Gowdy for the second time in what seemed an anticlimactic final. The margin of victory was 36 IMPs.

Murray's 11 straight wins marked the first time since 1959 that a team had gone through the event undefeated. And the all-Canadian final meant that of the 18 pairs that will compete for the three places on the 1965 North American team, no fewer than six will be Canadian. Fine hosts they turned out to be. **END**

Both sides vulnerable  
South dealer

NORTH				EAST			
♠	A 4 2			♠	J 6 5		
♥	Q 5			♥	A 2		
♦	A Q 10 6			♦	J 8 5 3 2		
♣	10 8 6 3			♣	Q 2		

SOUTH				WEST			
♠	Q 10 7			♠	A 9 8 3		
♥	K J 10 9 8 6 3			♥	7 4		
♦	—			♦	K 7 4		
♣	A K 5			♣	J 9 7 4		

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
(Von Zedtwitz)	(Rotman)	(Murray)	(Gowdy)
1♥	PASS	2♦	PASS
2♥	PASS	3♦	PASS
3♦	PASS	3♥	PASS
4♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: spade 8



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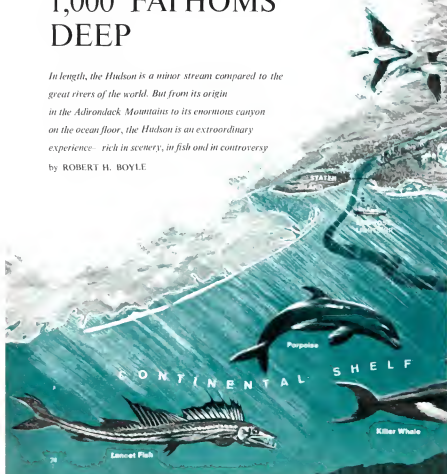
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# FROM A MOUNTAINTOP TO 1,000 FATHOMS DEEP

*In length, the Hudson is a minor stream compared to the great rivers of the world. But from its origin in the Adirondack Mountains to its enormous canyon on the ocean floor, the Hudson is an extraordinary experience—rich in scenery, in fish and in controversy*  
by ROBERT H. BOYLE





ALBANY

TRAY

KINGSTON

NEWBURGH

SHOULDERS

WEST POINT

CLARKSBURG

AMERSBURY

CLARKSBURG

CLARKSBURG

TONAWANDA

Blue Crab

HUDSON PALISADES

White Marlin

HUDSON CANYON

Swordfish

Leatherback Turtle

©1984

Donald M...

To those who know it the Hudson is the most beautiful and fascinating of all American rivers. Lordly, majestic, glorious and noble are the words most often used to describe it. Its heroes and villains, ranging from the Headless Horseman to Franklin Delano Roosevelt, are part of American myth and history. Yet there is a side to the Hudson that few persons know: the life beneath the surface of the water that first races down mountain peaks, then glides through gentle valleys and looming hills and ends by plunging into the abyssal ocean depths.

By turns, as it flows south from the tiny pond that marks its source in the

tomcod, hutterfish, common jack, billfish, pickerel, bluefish, menhaden, anchovies, American sole, summer flounder, smelt, sunfish, sea horses and trout mangle in startling confraternity. Once in a while even porpoises move in from the sea, swimming as much as 100 miles upriver where they blister and die in fresh water. In the summer muskrat and mink live in the ballast rock under the New York Central tracks on the east bank, and in the fall rafts of wild ducks dive for food within sight of the George Washington Bridge. In the winter bald eagles in search of fish ride the ice floes south to Croton Point, and in the spring fishermen spread gill nets on hickory

deeper into the shallow continental shelf. There it has buried waterfalls that would dwarf any now on the surface of the earth. One hundred miles southeast of the harbor the old channel ends in a great canyon one mile deep and five miles wide. Here, or so those who have tried to say, is the "most fabulous fishing spot in the world."

The Hudson, excluding its nether reaches beneath the ocean, is 320 miles long, and in its course it drains 13,000 square miles. The ocean tides sweep up it all the way to the dam at Troy, 150 miles north. At the Narrows and at Troy, the average range between high and low tide is four and a half feet. Much of the river is surprisingly shallow. In Haverstraw Bay, where the river is almost four miles wide, the bottom is for the most part only eight or 10 feet down. It is a soft, gray, mucky clay, and in some places is extraordinarily thick. The engineers who built the Catskill reservoir aqueduct had to dig down 1,100 feet to reach bedrock before they could tunnel under the river.

The downstream flow is 135,000 gallons per second. But besides this normal flow, there is yet another force at work: a large subsurface current set in motion by the rising tide. The current sinks because it is composed of sea water, which is heavier than the fresh water coming downstream, and when the current is running strong it pumps five gallons of water up the Hudson for every one gallon that the river sends down. After burrowing north for 40 miles, the current surfaces, joins the normal downstream flow, and goes out to sea again. So complex and deceptive is this current that it flowed undiscovered until 1958.

The source of the Hudson is a two-acre spring-fed pond named Lake Tear of the Clouds, 4,300 feet up on the southwest slope of Mount Marcy, which is the highest point in New York state. Descending from the Adirondacks, the Hudson splashes through forests of spruce, hemlock and pine. More than 1,200 lakes and ponds drain into the river. The headwaters average 60 inches of precipitation a year, 20 inches more than the rest of the river valley gets, but the branches



*A water skier avoids peril of a sunken shipwreck in the Hudson north of the Bearcap-Newburgh Bridge. Here, more than 100 years ago, trash canoes were first stocked in United States waters.*

Adirondacks, the Hudson is composed of fresh, brackish and salt water, and it contains an astounding variety of animal life. In the river's wide southern expanses of the Tappan Zee and Haverstraw Bay, it is literally an arm of the sea. The Atlantic reaches in 50 miles upriver to Bear Mountain, where in a blurred no-man's land of marshy creeks and coves, sand sharks, striped bass, yellow perch, white perch, sea sturgeon, pipefish, black bass,

poles to catch shad on their run from the sea. In any season this river is an intricate and awesome thing.

Nor is it restricted to where the maps would have you think it ends. Twenty-five thousand years ago, before the glacial icecap melted, the Hudson ran much further out to sea. Now, south of the Narrows, the entrance to New York Harbor, the old river channel runs into the Atlantic bottom, sinking deeper and

of the trees slow the melting of the snow and the roots retard runoff. The Hudson almost never floods. Through these upper reaches beavers work along the banks of the tributary streams, and white-tailed deer are abundant. Black bear, which have been known to exceed 600 pounds, are so common as to be a nuisance to summer campers. There are fishers, a very large and relatively rare member of the weasel family, and bobcats, and once in a while a lynx wanders south from Canada. There may even be a mountain lion or two. Sporadically, there are reports of gray wolves, but these are coy dogs, a cross between a coyote and a dog gone wild. A genuine wolf has not been seen since 1912. The last elk was shot in 1942, and the moose disappeared back in the 1860s. In 1951 a moose showed up on a golf course near Troy, then galloped off to parts unknown. The guess was that it had not come down from the Adirondacks but somehow had straggled across the country from northern New Hampshire or Maine.

In the 1920s and '30s the State of New York Conservation Department conducted biological surveys of all the watersheds in the state. Three volumes dealt with the Hudson, and they contain detailed papers on the aquatic plants, plankton, insects and fishes of the region. Every pond or stream feeding into the river was noted and numbered, and many were examined closely. Lake Tear of the Clouds itself was found to have no fish at all. Some biologists believe that trout were planted in other remote ponds and lakes in the area by ducks and geese that accidentally picked up the adhesive eggs on their legs. Further down, the Hudson has native brook trout. Some of the feeder streams have so many, in fact, that the fish are stunted because of overpopulation. The trout in the river itself are mostly browns. The brown trout were imported from Germany and Scotland in the 1880s when the brook trout began to die after deforestation caused the water temperature to rise.

In Thirteenth Lake, which drains into the Hudson, the Conservation Department has stocked Sam Browns, a cross between a female brown trout and a

male Atlantic salmon, but so far none has been seen in the river. Whether or not the Hudson itself ever was an Atlantic salmon river is a matter of dispute. The consensus now is that the river was south of the salmon range and probably had only a few strays. The Hudson is too warm and too slow to attract salmon in any number. Between 1873 and 1882 the Fish Commission of New York planted several hundred thousand young salmon for stocking in the river, and the results were not cheering. Few were ever seen again, though in 1930 an angler reported catching a 15-pounder in the river near Kingston. In all probability it was a stray. (Then again, an angler never

"warm water" fish, such as northern pike, pickerel, black bass and sunfish, are numerous. The bass are essentially intruders; they are native to the Midwest and the Great Lakes and entered the Hudson only upon completion of the Erie Canal in 1825.

At Glens Falls and Fort Edward raw sewage pours into the river, and the mills and factories add their wastes. Dams and locks choke the flow and turn the river into a chain of sluggish lakes. By the time the Mohawk, an "open sewer" according to innumerable state reports, joins the Hudson and the river passes over the Troy dam, it has become highly polluted. Nonetheless, there are



Almost 200 ships, from freighters to troop transports, are in mothballs near Bear Mountain. The government sells few a year at surplus. Average price for a Liberty ship: \$50,000.

knows what he may catch in the Hudson. In the summer of 1932 a fisherman said he caught a barn-door skate near Albany.)

By the time the Hudson reaches Warrensburg in the foothills of the Adirondacks, it has descended more than 3,000 feet in 70 miles. The temperature of the water has risen so that only a few brown trout linger—they can withstand higher temperatures than the brook—and

fish, including striped bass and shad, that nudge against the dam. But a short way south Albany adds its sewage, and the fish is too much: the river dies 1 or 10 miles there is a fishless stretch of water. In place of fish are the strange creatures that biologists call "index organisms" because they are the telltale signs of gross pollution. There are sludge worms, which dwell upright in the mud in stationary tubes, half burrow, half

*continued*

chimney. Pale red in color and 2,000 to the square foot, they carpet the bottom. There are leeches, raitail maggots, the larvae of syrphus flies, which as adults are bright and handsome insects that look like bees and wasps and feed on the nectar of flowers. In warm weather methane gas bubbles the size of grapefruit rise to the surface. The stench is overpowering. The Hudson is so awesomely foul here that it is a source of wonder to sanitary engineers, and in the trade they speak of the place, almost fondly, as "the Albany pool." When the upriver runoff slows in the summer, the pool is at its worst. There is little current to thrust the pool downstream, and on those rare occasions when it does stir, the rising tide from the sea pushes it back up toward the dam.

The Water Resources Commission of New York has made plans to clean the pool. In the late 1950s the state made extensive surveys of every watershed, building on what the biologists had done in their 1930 surveys. Every tributary and pond draining into the Hudson, every sewer outlet and industry pouring wastes into the river was studied, noted and numbered. The Albany pool has been given a "C" classification, which means that it should be fit for fishing. "It's a goal," says George E. Burdick, a Conservation Department biologist, in wistful tones. "It took us generations to contaminate the river this much, and we can't expect to rectify the conditions overnight. But, barring repeal of the law, it will be done."

South of Albany to Poughkeepsie, the Hudson flows through gently rolling country. Midway, the looming mass of the Catskills suddenly thrusts up from the tableland, some 30 miles back from the river. At a distance the mountains are mysterious; up close they are enchanting, their sides cut with sharp cliffs, waterfalls and rushing streams. Three hundred and fifty million years ago the sea covered the land where the Catskills are now. Then the sea retreated, and the rushing waters carved into the rising mountains, exposing the mollusks embedded in their flanks.

The west bank villages are hard put. "For Sale" signs are everywhere. During

the 19th century these river towns prospered from shipbuilding, brackmaking and ice-cutting. Ice from the Hudson was shipped as far as the West Indies; now the icehouses, stacked from floor to ceiling with trays, are used for growing mushrooms. Should supply exceed demand, a slight draft over the trays will slow production satisfactorily.

Although the Hudson is off the Atlantic flyway, hunters in the upriver towns like to gun for ducks. However, ducks are scarce in the river flats north of Stockport. The Army Corps of Engineers is dredging a 32-foot channel to Albany for tankers and freighters, and the silt is dumped in the flats. "I hate to do it," a dredgeman says. "I'm a hunter myself, but you can't fight the government."

On the east bank, from Rhinecliff to Hyde Park, are the estates of Millionaires' Row. Some of the houses are still in private hands; others have been taken over by religious orders and the state and federal governments.

**T**his far below Albany the river water has become, with time and proper treatment, fit to drink. The Hudson is Poughkeepsie's reservoir. The colonic bacteria from the Albany pool have died off, and the oxygen content has risen greatly. Fish abound, particularly giant carp that weigh up to 30 or 40 pounds. Goldfish weighing as much as a pound may sometimes be seen schooling with them. The carp are the pigs of the river, roiling the bottom for decaying matter and making it difficult for bass and other game fish to sight their prey. (Carp were introduced into this country from France in 1831 by a Mr. Henry Robinson of Newburgh, who bred them in ponds and released them annually into the Hudson a dozen or two at a time. Robinson was later pleased to write that his fish were doing well in the river.)

To most persons the Hudson Highlands are the most spectacular part of the river. Storm King Mountain guards the northern approach, Dunderberg, Bear Mountain and Anthony's Nose the southern. At present, conservationists are fighting the Consolidated Edison Company, which wants to build a hydro-

electric station at the foot of Storm King. The company also plans to build a reservoir southwest of the 1,355-foot-high mountain. Water would be pumped up from the river, and when power was needed would be released to pour down inside the mountain to turn generators. The power would be sent south by 20 miles of high-tension wires cutting through the Highlands and the hills of northern Westchester. Valley conservationists do not feel warmly toward Con Ed. Only a year or so ago, the company's atomic power plant at Indian Point, 10 miles south of Storm King, killed striped bass and other fish by the ton when they swam up a canal only to be blasted by high-pressure water jets. Until proper screening was installed, a truck used to take the fish to garbage dumps to rot.

West Point lies in the middle of the Highlands. From mid-May to mid-June this area is the center of the Hudson's striped bass spawning grounds. Here the river is at its deepest, 202 feet. The striped eggs weigh more than water, but the current keeps them afloat so the sun can warm them. After hatching, the fry generally move south to Haverstraw Bay, where they feed in the marshes of Croton Point. In the spring, about the time the dogwood is in bloom, the striped fishing off Croton Point can be superb. According to Howard Powley, a watch repairman in Croton, this is the one place in the river where the stripers will take artificial lures. Usually the fish weigh from three to seven pounds, but they are there in numbers. Croton is said to be Indian for striped bass. Ordinarily, Powley does not go as far as the point to fish. At luncheon he walks across Route 9 in front of his shop, goes up the footbridge over the Central tracks and fishes from the breakwater near Croton station. Last year he took a 17-pounder on a bloodworm, and this year, the day after he had extolled the fishing to a friend, his daughter caught a 10-pounder off the rocks that look toward High Tor, the peak across the river at Haverstraw.

Commercial fishermen get stripers here, too, some of which go up to 40 or 50 pounds. They are unmarketable because they taste of the oil released in the river by ships. The netters either



throw the fish back, where they die from torn gills, or take them home and soak the fillets in brine overnight to wash out the oil. The big stripers frequent the old oyster beds in the Hudson, where they nose about for marine worms, herring and other succulents. The muck in the bed of the main channel offers little food, but the marshes are glutted with riches. There are blue crabs that scuttle up past the harbor from the sea, snails that huddle on stones between the tide levels and barnacles that lie on their backs and kick food into their mouths with their feet. The barnacles are hermaphroditic, and when they are not clustered close together they fertilize themselves, perhaps accounting for their scientific name, *Balanus improvisus*. There is a species of isopod, *Cyathura carinata*—a cousin of the sow bugs that are found on land under rocks—that burrows into the muck. Sturgeon feed upon them. In Haverstraw Bay there are both salt- and fresh-water shrimp and prawns. The fish feast on all. "The low or Hudson compares favorably with the richest lakes," a biologist once noted.

At one time the oyster beds in the river ran from Peekskill to the Narrows, a distance of 50 miles. In places the shells of the old beds are 10 to 14 feet thick, and archaeologists excavating Indian sites on Croton Point have found shells in camps that were 6,000 years old, the oldest findings of their kind in the eastern U.S. In the early 1950s, Long Island oystermen, led by Butler Flower of Bayville, leased 5,000 acres of river bottom in the Tappan Zee and Haverstraw Bay from the state. The spawning beds in the Sound inexplicably had become unproductive, and the river offered a likely alternative. Mature oysters were sown, and their spawn—known as sprats—"set," or took, on bits and pieces of the old shells. After a year the young oysters were pumped up from the river and transplanted to "growing" grounds in the Sound. After two years there they were transferred to "fattening" grounds near Bayville on the north shore of Long Island. The Hudson oysters "fattened up" well, Flower says, but then in the spring of 1957 "there was a lot of snow up the river, and a slug of fresh water

came down and killed practically everything off." Flower has since planted some more mature oysters in the river, but so far their sprats have not set.

Most of the commercial fishermen on the Hudson work only in the spring, when the shad are running. But Jimmy Mowbray of Peekskill works all year round—on a part-time basis. Jimmy lives on Annsville Creek, which flows into the river. Outside his house, a red-and-white bungalow just off Route 9, is a sign saying "LIVE BAIT WORMS." Jimmy is 26, 6 feet tall and wears glasses.

sturgeon that was so big he was unable to land it. The fish seemed almost as long as the 15-foot skiff he was in. Now, and then shad fishermen will find a sturgeon. In 1953 a 25½-pounder was caught below West Point. It was eight feet long and had a girth of three and a half feet. Most shad nets are not strong enough to hold sturgeon, which in the Hudson have been known to top 400 or 500 pounds. Sometimes fishermen will find huge holes in their nets, torn by sturgeon that rip through like torpedoes.

The Mowbrays used to net for the Fulton Fish Market. Nowadays Jimmy



With catfish, perch, carp and shiners, Jimmy Mowbray rows back to his home on Annsville Creek. Some of these fish were used to stock a pond; others were cut up to use as crab bait.

For two years he pitched minor league ball for the Phillies. One of his roommates was Art Mahaffey. When Jimmy's arm went bad after relieving in 11 straight games for Tiffin, Ga., he came back home to fill an opening in the electricians' union. The Mowbrays have always fished the river. Jimmy's great grandfather used to net sea sturgeon in the days when they were so plentiful they were known as Albany beef and brought 6¢ a pound. Once Jimmy's Uncle Ed, who lives up in back, helped to net a

catches eels up to four feet long and stores them in boxes in Annsville Creek. He sells them to local Italians, who like to eat them on feast days. Most of Jimmy's business is done in baitfish. The river is aswarm with killifish, a very hardy minnow that ranges from half an inch to four inches long. They flock into the coves and inlets to feed on mosquito and midge larvae, and Jimmy scoops them up in a seine. He keeps a stock of 40,000 in boxes next to the eels out in the creek, and he puts 2,000 of them in

continued

two bathtubs in his cellar for ready sale. He gets 35¢ a dozen.

In the spring Jimmy sets fyke nets in the creek mouths to catch fish for stocking ponds. He leaves the nets in the water for two or three days, and when he goes back they are so full he cannot lift them. He shovels the fish out into 50-gallon cans. There are white perch, black bass, catfish that go up to six or seven pounds, pickerel that go up to three, small stripers, an occasional rainbow or brown trout (that the law makes him

lar. They fetch \$1.25 apiece from a wholesaler in Poughkeepsie. Four or five years ago, before American furriers started buying from the Russians, the price was \$4. Occasionally Jimmy gets a musk, which brings \$7, and up the creeks he gets beavers, which sell for the same price. He strikes it rich on otters. A good male sells for \$20.

Hudson River life is free-spirited around Croton Point, where you can catch almost any kind of fish, but 25 miles downstream Thomas R. Glenn Jr.

has jurisdiction over the waters of the greater harbor area east to New Haven and Fire Island inlet, south to Sandy Hook and north to the Bear Mountain Bridge.

The main problem in the lower Hudson is the 175 million gallons of raw sewage that the West Side of Manhattan pours into the river every day. It issues from skyscrapers, apartment houses, gas stations, nightclubs, stores, theaters, restaurants, tenements, factories and hospitals. It floats down the drains that gird the city streets and empties into the river, where the tides and currents rock it back and forth between the Narrows and Croton Point. The majority of New Yorkers are unaware of this phenomenon that commands almost as many awed students of sewage as the Albany pool. One scientist told a fascinated gathering that the river was "one of the most astonishing of the natural agencies for the disposal of sewage that I know of," and Earle B. Phelps, professor emeritus of sanitary science at Columbia, has written, semijocularly, in his otherwise serious and scholarly treatise, *Sewage Sanitation*: "Often homeward-bound commuters, crowded on the front end of a [Staten Island] ferry boat on a hot summer evening, enjoy the light spray of salt water carried aboard by the wind as the howl of the boat hits the passing waves. This is surely a situation where ignorance is bliss." This year, Glenn says, New York City is going to start construction of a \$60 million secondary sewage treatment plant for the city's West Side. When the plant is finished along about 1968, it will be able to process a minimum of 220 million gallons of raw sewage a day, which will be good news for ferryboat riders.

Elsewhere in the greater harbor area, the ISC has made violators cease fouling waters. All in all, the ISC has been successful in more than 50 major cases. The commission has five inspectors, too few to police the area thoroughly, so in 1963 the commission installed an automatic robot monitor in the Arthur Kill, a waterway between Staten Island and New Jersey. The kill is lined with heavy industry, and it is a busier ship passage



Crew members haul a giant tuna that Sportsman Gus Magnus landed above the turbines of the Hudson Canyon, which cuts a 100-mile trough through the continental shelf into the Atlantic.

throw back), rock bass, sunnies, crappies, carp, suckers and big shiners. One customer, a lawyer in Croton whom Jimmy liked, wanted a pond stocked. Jimmy gave him the works, 700 pounds of fish.

During the winter the river freezes over, and Jimmy sets a trap line in the marshes. Most of the time he catches muskrats. He gives the carcasses to friends for eating and cures the skins in the cel-

lar. It is at his busiest catching something different—polluters. Mr. Glenn, the director and chief engineer of the Interstate Sanitation Commission in New York City, is a tall, heavy-set Texan who is blunt and direct. "Some sanitary engineers prefer high-sounding terms like 'wastes,'" he says. "I say garbage." Established by the States of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, the ISC

than the Panama Canal. The monitor checks the water every eight minutes. A thermometer takes the temperature, and analyzers in the device sample the pH (the relative acidity and alkalinity) and the dissolved chlorides and oxygen content. Telemetry sends the readings directly to the ISC office at Columbus Circle, where they are recorded on a graph. "When we put it in, we didn't tell anyone about it," Glenn recalls. "We used to come back to the office late at night or on weekends and watch the graph. We could see the polluting start. No one thought we'd know, but we did, down to the exact time, and after a warning the offending companies cut it out." The monitor has been so successful that Glenn is hopeful of installing more. "I am," he says, "very optimistic about the Hudson. It's just a matter of time before the river is cleaned up. I only wish it could be sooner."

Out beyond the Narrows and the Lower Bay, where the Ambrose Lightship rides, the Hudson no longer needs Mr. Glenn. It purifies itself by disappearing into the sea. The ancient channel of the river curves through the continental shelf until, 100 miles away, its canyon plunges more than 1,000 fathoms down to meet the ocean floor. The canyon, or the gorge, as it is sometimes called, lies to the south of the shipping lanes, and for most of the year few men visit it. The distant bottom is marked only by blips on echo sounders, and the water, reflecting the vast depths, is vivid indigo.

The canyon was largely unexplored until 1928, when William Beebe, the oceanographer and director of the Department of Tropical Research of the New York Zoological Society, chanced to visit it briefly. "I had to spend most of the summer of 1928 in New York City," he later wrote in the society's *Bulletin*, "and yet I longed to be exploring on the edge of known things. How could I manage both at once? There came to mind a cartoon in which Skippy and his small friend stand for a long time gazing out to sea. Throughout three layers of cartoon strips not a word passed between the two urchins. At last, without turning his head, Skippy said, 'You

know, that's only the top of it.' That cartoon set me thinking, and brought to mind the Hudson Gorge, silent, black, cold,—with its sunken vastness filled with unknown forms of life."

With the help of L. F. V. Drake, president of the Salvage Process Corporation, Beebe borrowed a tug, the *Wheeler*, and set course for the canyon. There the surface water temperature was 68°, while 3,000 feet down it was 40° and at the bottom 31°. A special winch lowered weighted silk nets half a mile as the *Wheeler* crawled along at two knots. At a wave of Beebe's hand the winch began to reel in, and finally the nets came aboard, dripping and bulging with "pink treasure, glittering and gleaming, trembling with strange vitality, every spoonful a cosmos of hundreds of living beings." The fish were so cold they were almost painful for Beebe to touch, and among them were several that hitherto had been found only in such places as the Gulf of Guinea off the west coast of Africa, Panama and the Pacific. Two species were completely unknown. One, a deep-water relative of the herring, Beebe named *Barhyroctes drakesi*, in honor of the helpful Mr. Drake; the other, a small, transparent, ribless, balloon-skinned creature related to the anglerfish, he called *Haplophysus hudsonius*, for the canyon. All told, Beebe spent only two days at the canyon and he never returned, but he considered his findings so important that he formally named the jaunt aboard the *Wheeler* the Eleventh Expedition of the Department of Tropical Research of the New York Zoological Society. "Long after the last animal and insect from the heart of Africa and New Guinea have been collected and named and the north and south poles have been crossed and recrossed with tourist planes," Beebe wrote, "strange fish and other creatures will still be brought to light within a day's motorboat run of New York City."

It was not until some 30 years after Beebe's trip that a different kind of fisherman took a look at the canyon—a sports angler named Finn Haakon Magnus. Magnus is a beefy, inventive Norwegian who came to the U. S. at

17. He is now 56. Fifteen years ago he made a fortune manufacturing plastic harmonicas. He added to his wealth by inventing a small portable plastic organ with numbered keys, which enabled a musical illiterate to play a tune within 10 minutes. Given ample money and time, Magnus decided to turn to the sea. He bought a 40-foot Matthews cruiser and navigational charts. After some study—Magnus is not the sort to do things on impulse—he reasoned that the Hudson Canyon looked promising, and so he lassoed on extra gasoline tanks and embarked to jeers that he was "a crazy Norwegian." What he discovered was some crazy big-game fishing. He soon sold his boat and spent \$100,000 on a new one specially designed to make the long trip from Brielle, N.J. in four and a half hours. The new boat, a 47½-footer named *Magnus*, is equipped with radar, loran, depth finder, depth thermometer, fish finder, ship-to-shore telephone and a small plastic organ on which Magnus thumps out *Home on the Range* and *You Are My Sunshine* during starlit nights over the canyon.

He has found a tremendous variety of life in the canyon: giant leatherback turtles upwards of 1,000 pounds, killer whales, pilot whales, sharks and porpoises that can make the water boil for miles. Most of all, there are big-game fish, some of which are not supposed to be in the area at all. Pacific albacore are so plentiful as to be pests. One day Magnus caught 17 in self-defense. "I didn't want to catch any more," he says. "I wanted to get away from them." There are blue marlin, very rare north of Hatteras, 500-pound bluefin tuna, the yellowfin tuna, a very warm-water fish, and white marlin from 45-90 pounds. Magnus' son, Kenneth, caught a rare bigeye tuna that weighed 245 pounds. There are multitudes of dolphin, bluefish and tilefish. Once Magnus caught two lancet fish in the depths. These are eel-shaped monstrosities with great spiny dorsal fins like sails and alligator mouths with sharp teeth an inch long. "I believe the canyon is the most fabulous fishing spot in the world," Magnus says.

Below the surface the water temperature fluctuates wildly. Within one 500-

continued



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foot section, Magnus found a difference of 27°. The Gulf Stream flows 150 miles to the east, but there are days, Magnus says, when it veers in toward land. A pale blue, it snakes into the indigo waters of the canyon, and the temperature jumps 10°. It carries small, strange fish by the thousands, and flying fish ordinarily not found north of Florida fill the air with frightened leaps.

After fishing the canyon for five years, Magnus has come up with a theory of his own on fish migration. In essence, he believes that fish do not migrate by instinct or what one might call free will. They move from place to place, he says, because they live in blocks of water that are constantly shifting according to the rhythms of the sea. The fish, in short, are "captives of their environment," and they are wafted into the canyon by forces beyond their control.

Frank Mather III, an associate scientist at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution who corresponds with Magnus, says, "We're getting quite excited [about the canyon] at the Institution. There is absolutely no doubt that large predator fish are concentrated in unusually large numbers." Mather, in fact, is so excited that he has asked the National Science Foundation to back extensive studies of the canyon.

Although Magnus spends the summer at sea in splendid isolation, Mather reports that in October and November commercial fishermen, mainly from Nova Scotia, flock to the canyon. "The Canadians," Mather says, "learned about it from the Scandinavians, who accidentally found swordfish while fishing for sharks." The commercial fishermen catch swordfish with hooks, instead of the traditional harpoons. They strung long, multihooked lines from floating barrels, and the swordfish either take the motionless bait or are foul-hooked in the attempt. In a good night a single ship may haul in as many as 100, more than a crew used to harpoon in an entire season. Perhaps the scope of the Hudson is best seen by simply comparing its beginning in a fishless mountain pool with its terminus 100 miles at sea where fishing fleets catch swordfish by the thousands.

END



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# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

**AMERICAN LEAGUE** Unappreciated in Los Angeles, the Angels (4-2) signed a contract with the city of Anaheim (pop. 140,000) to move into a new, municipally built stadium in 1996. The team's decision was neither unexpected (SI, July 20) nor unprovoked. While the Los Angeles fans continued to dote on the second-division Dodgers last week, the unnoticed fourth-place Angels went on playing brilliantly. In the course of four wins Angel pitchers allowed just one run and 27 hits. Rookie Outfielder Bob Perry led the attack with a .438 BA. Even so, the Angels could not attract 10,000 fans a game. So certain is their front office that life will be more beautiful in Anaheim, that they signed up to stay there until at least 2001. The CLEVELAND Indians, who have also threatened to move out of town, drew even fewer fans (only 6,000 a game), but played better baseball than the Angels. With good pitching (only 22 runs allowed) and strong hitting (.325 team average), the Indians had no trouble winning seven of eight and moving up to seventh place. The DETROIT Tigers (5-2) were another team on the move. Jumping from seventh to fifth, the Tigers received scoreless relief pitching from Fred Gladding and Julio Navarro, who led the team to three late or extra-inning wins. The Tigers made it a particularly frustrating week for the CHICAGO White Sox (4-3). The Sox opened a home stand against Detroit with a chance to move into first place. While the other contenders lost, the Sox did, too. Their ace pitchers, Joel Horlen, Gary Peters and Juan Pizarro, dropped three straight. Things were even tougher for the NEW YORK Yankees (2-4), who lost two to Kansas City when they allowed six unearned runs. The Yanks then returned home to begin a critical two weeks of play against the other contenders and promptly lost two to the Orioles, which dropped them to third place. By beating

New York, BALTIMORE (4-2) moved back into first by 1½ games. Steve Barber won one game with a 2-0 shutout, his third straight clutch performance against the Yanks, and Sam Bowens won the other game by a 10th-inning homer. The MINNESOTA Twins (3-4) broke out of their July hitting slump with 16 homers and a muscular display by Harmon Killebrew, who hit three home runs to raise his total to 39. He also batted .423, lifting his season's average over .300 for the first time in almost three years. The season's Red Sox were outscored by their opponents, 37-13, and lost all six of their games. Relief star Dick Radtke suffered two of the losses. The KANSAS CITY Athletics (2-4) took both their victories from New York when John O'Donoghue and Orlando Pena allowed just two runs in 18 innings. With solid pitching in all but one game, the WASHINGTON Senators (2-5) still could not win because of inadequate hitting (.193 team BA). They scored only 12 runs in seven games and were shut out twice.

**NATIONAL LEAGUE** It is no secret that the LOS ANGELES Dodgers' (5-2) Sandy Koufax throws one of the fastest fast balls and the curviest curve balls in the big leagues. These two pitches, mixed with an occasional changeup, have made Koufax the best pitcher in the National League. But Sandy is still not satisfied. Some time ago, he watched the Braves' Elroy Face throw his fork ball and decided he had to have one, too. Last week he tried out his new pitch against the Braves, and it worked. It worked so well that Sandy even used it once to strike out Henry Aaron on a 3-2 pitch as he won his second game of the week (17th this year) and helped boost the Dodgers to sixth place. The PHILADELPHIA Phillies (4-2), who have had trouble hitting left-handers like Koufax, decided they had to do something about

their lack of right-handed power if they hoped to stay on top of the league. The help came from an unexpected source, the lease-place Mets, who traded slugger Frank Thomas to the Phils. Thomas was so happy about the prospect of playing in his first World Series that he drove in three runs in his first two games as the Phils maintained a 2½-game league lead. The SAN FRANCISCO Giants (4-2) kept pace with the Phils. With veterans Juan Marichal and Jack Sanford III, the Giants turned to youngsters Gaylord Perry, Ron Herbel, Jim Duffalo and John Pregeant, each of whom won once. The MILWAUKEE Braves found out how risky it is to go with a young pitching staff. Using four different starters, all in their mid-20s and all shaky, the Braves lost six of seven and dropped from fifth to seventh. Don Nottebart, who won twice, stopped a seven-game losing streak for the HOUSTON Colts (3-4). Turk Farrell provided the team's other win after waiting almost two months for his 11th victory. The ST. LOUIS Cardinals (4-2) received tight pitching, allowing just 17 runs—including a five-hit shutout by Curt Simmons. Trouble came in pairs for the PITTSBURGH Pirates (4-5) who lost two doubleheaders, giving up 26 runs to the Dodgers and Cubs. Reviving Ernie Broglio won twice for the CHICAGO Cubs (4-3), whose star Third Baseman Ron Santo (.417) moved up to second or third in all three of the major hitting departments. The NEW YORK Mets (1-5), who began the week by winding up a four-out-of-five win streak over Houston, found the league leaders too tough, losing four straight to the Giants and Phillies. The CINCINNATI Reds (4-3) got another win from Joey Jay, who appears to be fully recovered from his two-season slump, and tight pitching from the rest of the staff, but, with the exception of Frank Robinson and Deron Johnson, no one on the team was hitting.



FRANK ROBINSON: REPAIRED AND ROLLING

## PLAYER OF THE WEEK

In 1961 and 1962 there was no better outfielder in the National League than Frank Robinson of the Cincinnati Reds. He batted in the .300s, drove in a bushel of runs and showered opponents with homers, doubles and triples. One of the top of this Robby ran the bases and fiddled so well that solid Cincinnati argued he was surely the best player in baseball. Then it all changed. Robinson injured a leg last year, and suddenly everything else began to hurt—his hitting, his fielding and, eventually, his salary. When he was injured again this year—a fractured finger, a sprained wrist—fans who were screaming his praises in previous seasons told the Reds they ought to sell Robby to the local

medical research center at the waiver price. The deal never went through, and the fans are glad it did not. Robinson, healthy for the first time in two seasons, was mowing them down last week. Hitting only .274 on July 20, Robby raised his average to .294 with a .440 mark over the last seven games and was almost solely responsible for keeping the Reds in the pennant race. As the season started their stretch drive, Cincinnati Manager Fred Hutchinson was particularly pleased by Robinson's return to form. Hoping for another pennant this year, Hutch said, "The rest of the players will have to chip in, but Robby's the big man. He's the fellow who's the complete player. I have no doubts he can continue this pace because I've seen him do it before."





# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## BEAUTY AND THE BUSH

Sirs:  
Re, your article *The Bush for New York* in *Bush* (August 3). Mr. McCabe, you are so right!

BEN H. LEE

Indianapolis

Sirs:

Columnist Charles McCabe, "The Fearless Spectator," as he is known to his captive audience on the West Coast, has long made the local press a vehicle for his personal vendetta against New York City. But the appearance of his snide vituperations in a periodical of your stature must have been his most glorious moment.

JOHN A. RANDELMAN

San Francisco

Sirs:

I have had the dubious good fortune of being exposed on a daily basis to both the vituperative slants of Clure (Scroogee) Mosher and the cultured causticity of Charles McCabe. Therefore, I was extremely delighted to see them both featured in your magazine and especially to read Mr. McCabe's endearing description of that metropolis for which Mr. Mosher has departed.

On the basis of Mr. McCabe's article, I can safely predict that New York's sports fans will truly take Mr. Mosher to their hearts, even as they have the Mets, for, as John Underwood so brilliantly illustrated a year ago in your magazine, Clure Mosher is a true bruiser, born and bred.

ROBERT SCHWARZ

Coral Gables, Fla.

Sirs:

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder: people see only what they want to see. Like a little boy, frightened of being a vacker, Mr. McCabe put on a defiant face and criticized all he saw. His article must have been written before he ever went back to New York, and thus he didn't even give the city a chance. If he only had let himself go for a minute, he would have seen the beauty as well as the ugliness, and the good times as well as the bad times. Offhand, the only statistic I can remember about San Francisco is that it has the highest number of homosexual bars in the country. Let Mr. McCabe go back to his paradise of the West. I'll take Manhattan.

RICHARD OLDERMAN

Fairfield, Conn.

Sirs:

Charles McCabe proves beyond doubt what true New Yorkers have always felt and

may now state: New York has been and is being ruined by "outsiders," and "other instant New Yorkers," while San Francisco owes whatever charm it may have to transplanted New Yorkers—like Charles McCabe.

CHARLES E. SIMMERDAFF

Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Sirs:

Great!

WILLIAM R. HEAD

Flushing, N.Y.

Sirs:

Charles McCabe writes, "The Met fans have muchly been talked about. Most of what has been written is bunk." Why then must he add to the heap?

PETER MALICK

Weston, Conn.

## LITTLE MAN

Sirs:

Thanks for the very interesting article by Tommy McDonald (*The Mousers* and *Mr. July 27 and August 3*). I have long been an ardent admirer of the little men in pro football, such as McDonald, Eddie LeBaron and Doug Walker. May their tribe increase!

LEN KAVANAUGH

Long Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

I can't believe that Tommy McDonald really finds it hard to tell someone what a great player he thinks he is. As a matter of fact, that seems to be his major purpose throughout the article. He may have caught quite a few passes in his stay with the Eagles, but that was quite probably due to the fact that there were few other receivers for Eagle quarterbacks to throw to.

I think it will be different with the Cowboys who already have two of the best receivers in the business in Buddy Dial and Frank Clarke. The passes will be coming his way a bit less than before, and he will find it hard to build an impressive set of statistics.

However, he will also have a new advantage in that a defense cannot double-team him without leaving an equally good receiver open somewhere else on the field. If he can overcome his showboating enough to play for the team in Dallas and not for himself, he will be a valuable asset.

BRYAN P. WOODS

Nederland, Texas

## NOT IT

Sirs:

The American Committee for the Election of Mary Thronberry to the Yankee Old

Timers Day team (SCOTT CARR, August 3) is ACCTEOMITTTT OTDT, pronounced ac-ti-ee-om-ity-ot-dit, not ACTTLOFMITTTT-ODT, pronounced ac-ti-ee-of-mitty-ot.

ALAN BAUER

Los Angeles

● It is not; the ACTTLOFMITTTT OTDT prefers Oldtimers as one word.—ED.

Sirs:

To call the annual Yankee Old Timers Day game "baseball's most boring annual ritual" is incredible. To me this game is always the highlight of the season. If you call this boring, you should read your magazine from time to time—then you'll really know what the word boring means.

THOMAS L. DUEHNKE

New York City

## RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND

Sirs:

Whenever I read out the first baseball diamond anyway? I'm wondering why he laid it out backward.

It would seem that a clockwise rotation of bases would make more sense than the accustomed route. Most players are natural right-handers, and many of those who bat left-handed today have converted from their natural position to take advantage of this cockeyed backward rotation.

Swinging right-handed, it would be a distinct advantage to run in the direction of the swing down the left-field line, rather than the right. The right-handed pitcher would have a better throw to first base, holding the runner close. The right-handed first baseman would have a distinct advantage in making infield plays, especially in double-play situations.

There would be some disadvantages also, I suppose. The "hot corner" usually handled by the third baseman would be all the hotter when handled by the first baseman and pitcher covering.

I guess, all in all, it would make a completely different game out of our national sport, but I would like to see it tried sometime. Whether the sport would be improved or not, I'm not sure, but I do believe it would be a more natural approach.

TEN REV. MILO L. ERNST

Winona, Minn.

## NOTES AND KIDS

Sirs:

Tom Ungerer (*The Airmaker*, August 3) is a most interesting person, but much more talented than your article implied. As a first-grade teacher I happen to know that

and Oswald



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### 18TH HOLE *continued*

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VIRGINIA MILLER

Phoenix

Sirs:

The world of sports must certainly be in sad shape when the most famous sports magazine in the country devotes eight pages to a knemaker.

CLIFFORD J. SIMPSON

Indiana, Pa.

### SEATTLE TONY

Sirs:

I must commend Frank Deford's article (*Nor Much To Do But Eat, Sleep and Play Baseball*, August 3) on the promising young rookie, Tony Conigliaro. I have been a Sox fan since Ted Williams joined the major leagues, and I must say this young man has the credentials to be great.

RICHARD WOLPER

Atlanta

Sirs:

Your article on Tony Conigliaro was great. He is even better than the Beatles. If every major league team had more Tonys or Rick Richards, more teen-aged girls would be going to more games. Work!

ELEEN TOMLIN

St. Louis

### SNOWBALLS

Sirs:

Your July 20 issue had three related articles that I think merit some comment. The first was James M. O'Hara's letter concerning musical franchises (19th Hole). The second was your not-so-humorous editorial involving the rumored shift of the Milwaukee Braves to Atlanta (*Scorecard*). The third concerned the Los Angeles Angels' move to Mickey Mouseville (*Call Them Micker's: Mice or Pluto's Pups*). The latter needs little consideration since I feel the A's can had a legitimate complaint. However, Mr. O'Hara's letter concerning the moving of the Denver hockey franchise concludes with an interesting remark: "the long-term result is to alienate many potential sports dollars throughout the country in all of professional sport."

How true! When the speculated Milwaukee shift gained popularity a few weeks ago, a friend of mine remarked, "If the Braves move to Atlanta, I think I'll quit following major league baseball, except for an occasional glance at the standings."

This alienation of sports fans throughout the country is snowballing whether money-hungry owners care to admit it or not.

EDWARD E. SCHLUMPF

Menomonee Falls, Wis.

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